B10123

Phanatical Tenderness,

OR THE

CHARITY

OF THE

Non-Conformists.

EXEMPLIFIED

In the Practises of many of them in *Bristol* and others their Favourers and Accomplices in that City, in *London* and *Pembrokeshire* against *Thomas Godwyn* Sometime Vicar of St. *Philips* and *Jacobs* Church in *Bristol*, and now Rector of *Poulchrohan* in *Pembrokeshire*.

Humbly offered to His Most Sacred MAJESTY, To His Royal Highness *JAMES* Duke of *YORK*, &c. And the Lords of His MAJESTIES most Honourable Privy Council.

LONDON,

Printed for, and are to be sold by *Randall Taylor* near Stationers Hall. 1684.

To His Most Excellent Majesty King CHARLES *the Second*, &c.

Dread Soveraign,

YOur *Majesties* innate Propensity to *Compassion* being improved by all *Christian* and *Princely Experience* hath given me hopes that this *Address* humbly laid at Your *Sacred Feet*, will be esteemed (if not in it self, yet by it's Necessity) a Pardonable Presumption. As men under Pressures are required by devout Prostration of their *Souls* and *Bodies* before his *Throne* to implore the merciful Help and Direction of the *King of Kings*; so in the use of the means prescribed by *Divine Counsel*, *Subjects* have no more assured way to relief than by a submissive and dutiful Petitioning the Assistance of the *Almightyes Great* and *Wise Vicegerent*. Not that trifling Complaints should be permitted to disturb the Course of the *Sereneſt Debates*, or any leap into *Jordan* without a Prophetick Confirmation of mind that other *Waters* were insufficient for effecting the Cure. As the Son of a *Clergyman*, a noted *Confessor* in the Late *Parliamentary Persecutions*, and as my self suffering under *Scoffs*, *Reproaches*, often and tedious *Imprisonments* and *Bonds* for the same *Cause* since Your *Majesties blessed Restauration*, I acquiesce and rejoyce in the Toleration. Nevertheless while Obedient Innocence supports my Contentment, at the same time it commandeth me to endeavour settlement in a Peaceable Estate, and that especially because successful *Pride* groweth daily more insolent by silence, and by degrees attempting upon my Neighbours also doth infringe the *Royal Prerogative* and interrupt the *Churches Tranquility*. The Considerations whereof with all Humility I offer to your *Princely Wisdom*, Praying sollicitously and sincerely for Your *Majesties* long and happy Life, that the dangers of this *beleagnered Church* may be removed before your *Translation* to a more incomparable *Crown*; In which will be compleated the felicity of

Your Most Sacred Majesties most Humble

and Obedient Subject and Servant,

Tho. Godwyn.

To His Royal Highneſs *JAMES* Duke of *YORK*, &c.

Great Sir,

TO *undertake to inform your Judgement, how pertinaciouſly* Malitious, *how peſtilently* Reproachful, *how impudently* Diſſatisfied *and implacably* Cruel Men *liſted in the* Rowls *of* Faction *are, were to ſay, That your* Royal Father, *and* Brother, *and your ſelf*, High Prince, *never felt the* ſharpneſs *of thoſe* Vulters Claws, *nor diſguſted the* Poyſon *of thoſe* Aſps. *But in regard of the Danger of permitting an* Execrable Brood *to live to maturity for miſchief, each private Man is (as it ſeems to me) obliged to detect them.* Grace *and* Clemency *in their* King *work no more upon thoſe inform Mindes than to create in them an audacious Confidence to ſuggeſt* Him *unthinking and too ſoft to Govern*; Meekneſs *and* Temperance *in their Fellow-Subjects is their invitation to Injury*; *And the Compliance of the* Knave *and* Fool-Trimmer *encreaſeth their Inſolence. For this* Good Man *furniſheth even the* Archeſt Hypocrites *with formal Lyes, and frameth Pretences under which to ſhelter them, while they Level at the* Government. *They indeed commend* Moderation, *but at the ſame time condemn it as* Puſillanimous, *encouraging the Age, wherein they live, to the ſeverity of the Execution of Juſtice*; *For the Scourge only quieteth them, and if they are not themſelves blooded, they fall mad and terribly infeſt all others with bloodſheding. May it pleaſe you,* Great Prince, *favourably to admit this* Reaſon *for the Publication of theſe* Papers, *and this* Apology *for a* Suffering Church-mans *moſt humble Tender of them to your moſt Judicious Obſervation*; *That, As I judged the Impoſers, and what hath been impoſed upon me ought not to be longer concealed, ſo neither can I expect remedy by private Means, and have therefore recourſe to the* Royal Fountain. *I would gladly paſs the reſt of my Days in tranquility, (if God be pleaſed to permit it) and ſhould moſt unwillingly ſee other well-meaning Perſons aſhamed of their Duty through my Cauſe. To prevent which I am proſtrate before you, beſeeching your Mediation for and Protection of*

Your Royal Highneſſe's Moſt Humble and

Moſt Faithful Servant and Orator,

Tho. Godwyn.

Phanatical-Tenderneſs,

OR THE

CHARITY

OF THE

Nonconformiſts, &c.

I Have been long perſwaded to Publiſh to the World the barbarous uſage and inſolent behaviour of the malitious Nonconformiſts of the *City* of *Briſtol* (eſpecially the *Presbyterian* Faction) toward me the ſpace of twenty years paſt, either as they acted under the pretence of *Religion*, with a barefaced contempt of *God* and the *Laws* eſtabliſhed, or as they privately ſuborned their Inſtruments under pretenſions of Legal Proceedings. I hitherto deſiſted, not thinking it meet to add weight to the ſorrows which oppreſt good men, while they beheld their moſt beauteous and dear *Mother* torn and beſpattered by tender Conſciences, & men breathing out nothing but Zeal and Purity. But when theſe Fits of rude Zeal, not curable by the Gentle Means, which had been long adminiſtred, brake out into open madneſs, and needing ſeverer Remedies, the Patients are reduced to an unwilling Submiſſion, I would gladly in Peace thank *God* for confirming his great *Mercies* of *Reſtauration*, with theſe ſignal ones of *His Moſt Sacred Majeſties* and our admired and envied *Churches* Preſervation. To my attainment of this Peace, I thought nothing more conducing than a Publication of the practices of theſe men upon my *Reputation*, *Eſtate*, and *Perſon*. My Verbal Relations have ſeemed incredible to many; I will therefore exhibit in Print the Actions, the Actors, the Times and Circumſtances, with that ingenious Fidelity which becomes a *Clergyman* and a *Gentleman*, aggravating or heightning nothing out of Paſſion, but ſo ſincerely and nakedly delivering each paſſage, that my bittereſt enemies ſhall not be able to contradict; or if to contradict, yet not to juſtifie me guilty of any Error, unleſs in ſparing them through forgetfulneſs of ſome of their many injuries.

Thoſe, which blacken the firſt Pages, are not ſo amazing as them ſtanding at the foot of the Catalogue, no wickedneſs being fully audacious in an inſtant, but ſtrengthned by Time and Counſel, and growing by Succeſs. Yet have they, among many undiſcerning Tempers, been received and allowed as ſufficient Cauſe of Juſtification for what did follow of a more violent Nature. Calumnies indeed ſome of them are, and therefore not of themſelves matter of complaint in the judgement of one, who would be eſteemed a man; but as they moved forward the moſt fatal Engines of Cruelty, I conceived that they ought in order to take place in this account. The moſt eminent Sufferers, whom the World hath ſeen to fall under the rage of a Faction Confederate as Religious, had the Guardes of their Allies and Subjects affections firſt weakned by poyſonous infuſions, and their good Opinion ſubverted. *Speak aliud, render him odious, and you render him helpleſs*, ſaid *Hariſon* the *Machiavillian Mouth* of a Traiterous Council in Conſultation againſt a *Moſt Gracious Sovereign*. Prejudices entertained obſtruct ſcrutiny into the Quality of an Enemies Practices, and ill Actions are ſeldom blamed, when done to a Perſon ſuppoſed to be ill deſerving. And the more numerous the Party is, which deſigns againſt any man, the more innumerable ſhall his crimes be, his very innocence and care ſwelling the liſt of accuſations. Names

 are

are here plainly uſed, this Publication requiring it as neceſſary, but not with intent to aſperſe any. For as the Actions were manifeſt in the Places where Acted, ſo muſt the Names be in thoſe other Places, it which it's deſired that the Deeds ſhould be known. And as their Hearts could imagine, and their Tongues and Hands proſecute evil with delight, ſo I may conjecture, that according to the cuſtom of other Debauches, theſe will be ſo far from taking offence at the Particularities of my Pen, that they will rather rejoyce and glory in the Repetition, as an opportunity of new acting them. The Adverſaries baſe Temper ſhall not be gratified by any king of Conformity with them in Obloquy; but ſeeing they would not but be guilty of the Commiſſions, I muſt (though I pity them and bluſh at it) proceed in the Relation. In the recital of the laſt Paſſages (I confeſs) I blame my ſelf, not for any thing unduly repreſented, but that I have not retained that Patience in Penning which I had in Suſtaining them. But I entreat thoſe ſharp Judgements (whom nevertheleſs the *Love* of *Loyalty* and the *Church* doth ſweeten) that obſerve diſcompoſures, to pardon the imbecilities occaſioned by a renewed ſenſe of the Oppreſſions. Now having ſaid this in order to the Readers apprehending me what probably I am, a Churchman and Loyal, I Preface the *Briſtol* Narration with the mention of a Pedigree, which I ſhould not have inſiſted on, more than that the conſideration of my Progenitors may in much meaſure give aſſurance that I think my ſelf obliged to Loyalty and Conformity.

I am the Great Grandſon of *Thomas Godwyn*, ſometime Biſhop of *Bath* and *Wells*, and Dr. *Wotton* Biſhop of *Exeter*, and the Grandſon of *Francis Godwyn*, ſometime Biſhop of *Hereford*, and Dr. *Ralph Barlow*, ſometime Dean of *Wells*, the Son of *Morgan Godwyn* Dr. of Laws, Archdeacon of *Salop*, Canon Reſidentiary of the Church of *Hereford*, &c. and *Chaplain in Ordinary to King* Charles *the Firſt* of Bleſſed Memory. My Father being Sequeſtred, Plundered of all his Books, Goods and Houſhold-ſtuff at the taking of *Hereford* by Collonel *Maſſey* and Collonel *Birch*, beſides the burning of his *Vicaridge* Houſe at *Lydney* in the *Foreſt of Dean*, was alſo long impriſoned in *Hereford* as an eminent Malignant. But at length being diſcharged from that Confinement, for ſome years ſuffered with his Family under much indigency, continuing reſolutely firm to his Principles of Loyalty and Obedience. About the year fifty two he became Maſter of a ſmall Freeſchool at *Newland* in the *Foreſt of Dean* before mentioned, the Salary whereof was then but ten pounds yearly, where nevertheleſs his condition became indifferently plentiful by the frequency of Perſons Sons of Quality ſent to him from diverſe Parts to be diſciplined; but eſpecially by the bountiful ſupport of the never to be forgotten moſt Loyal and Pious Lord Viſcount *Scudamore*, of *Holme-Lacy* in *Herefordſhire*, and of *James Scudamore* of *Ballingham* in the ſame County Eſquire. Here his eſpecial care (not to ſpeak immodeſtly of others committed to his charge) was to inſinuate to his Sons, *That the Inſtitutions of the Church of* England *were above any purely Primitive, and moſt rationally accommodated to the benefit of the Preſent Age, replete with the moſt lively excitements to Faith and Holineſs, and only ſuch as could make men happy in their Temporal Concerns, eſtabliſhing their Welfare in Peace by an undiſputable Obedience to their Lawful Prince*, and other daily Diſcourſes tending to the Confirmation of our Minds in theſe Perſwaſions. About the beginning of the year fifty five, the moſt bloody Regicide *Oliver* publiſhing an Edict, *That no ſequeſtred Miniſter, refuſing to take the Engagement, ſhould be tolerated as a Publick Schoolmaſter within* England *or* Wales: My Father was forc't to quit the Employment, but not the Houſe, the *Feoffees* of that School conſtituting me Schoolmaſter. Within two years after my Father died, not permitted in this State of Nature, to ſee the ſo paſſionately deſired Reſtauration, but tranſlated to a better, where after the congratulatory Hymns of *Cherubim* and *Seraphim*, he makes one in the *Triumphant Chorus*, rejoycing for our Felicity.

But here began my Conflict with thoſe Holy Men, whom an Infernal Inſpiration had Sanctified, and made the Worlds hopeful Guides to Eternity. For in a ſhort time after one *Fawcet* (who had been a eminent Covenanter and Pulpit Inſtigator to Rebellion, and was ſent down by the Company of *Haberdaſhers*, to be *Lecturer* at *Newland* aforeſaid) and one *Bromidge* (a *London Brazier*, Father to the late *Sheriff Pilkintons* Wife, but purchaſing an Eſtate in the Pariſh of *Newland*, and dwelling there) a zealous *Covenanter*, alſo uſed diverſe Stratagems, encouraged by the imbecillity of my years and judgement to Kid-nap me over to their leud and diſloyal Principles. But *God's* bleſſings upon my Fathers Inſtructions had fortified me againſt this danger, and my Youth was ſufficient to anſwer Arguments, the ſtrength of which I have alway thought to conſiſt more in the invincible Malice and Perverſeneſs of their Minds, than

any

any Reasons that Party did ever produce. This Project of Proselyting me into an Uncooth, Rude, and Rebellious Religion failing, the Reader (I suppose) conjectures the Consequence, That nothing calm or suitable to Christian Perswasion would follow, but Violence take place where Consent was not obtained. Therefore they endeavour by all possible means to prevail with the *Feoffees* of the School to eject me; but my Fathers memory (with peradventure some other satisfactions) in the Chief of them so overruled, that nothing more than the appearance of some snarling teeth was done to my Prejudice. But when *God* was pleased to smile, and reinstate us in the Fruition of a just and free subjection to the *Undoubted Heir* to these *Crowns*, the most Gracious of *Kings* (eligible above all men, were our Condition to that degree unfortunate as to have the Scepter Elective) and by his reestablishment to bring us to his *Sacred House* and *Altar*, there to rejoyce with the thankful who kept Holy-day, then did these Snaps of Sedition retire into silence ashamed of their devices. At this School, and in serving the Cure of St. *Briavils* (having entred into *Holy Orders* soon after His *Majesties* Return) I continued untill after the *Bartholomew Act*, when the Viccaridge of St. *Philip* and *Jacob*, in the City of *Bristol* became void by the Non-Subscription and Conformity of *Edward Hancock* acting as Incumbent there. To the acceptance of this Church I was invited by Mr. *Nathaniel Cale*, (my Fathers intimate Friend) *Mayor* of *Bristol* that year, Mr. *Henry Jones* then Rector of St. *Stephens* in *Bristol* and diverse others. In which Vicaridge, as soon as I was settled, the Factious Parties began to practice against me without any provocation, more than my exactness of Conformity, (which I must boast my self to admire in others, and alway strictly to have enjoyned to my self) having not time to know Persons or enquire into Dispositions, had my Inclinations otherwise led me. Within the space of four or five days (at the utmost) after my Induction came seven Men (of whom I knew but one) to my Lodgings, with much smoothness and expressions of respect, desiring to be known to me, as being Parishioners and Vestry-men; and after some short discourse had in my Chamber, desired me to receive a Treat from them at the *Kings Arms* in *Christmas-street*, then a Tavern. Where after a small sitting, their ill looks and affected words sufficiently instructed me what the men were; but every second or third man very kindly presented me with Service and a Glass. The Company being suspitious, the Treat could not be pleasant; but taking my leave, they importuned me with a sort of unusual Complements to a longer stay, which I refused. Two of these were not acquainted with the design, but my retiring so unexpectly soon caused the others passionately to urge unto the two (Mr. *William Baber* Powdermaker to King *Charles* the first at *Oxford*, and Mr. *Nicholas Willis* then Churchwardens of that Parish, and brought along to palliate the others contrivance) who were unwitting of the Project. That they had discovered their design, *Thomas Edwards* Wheelright and *Henry Lang* a Sergeman were the principal Actors in this Hony Plot, and raving at their want of success, could not but divulge it. The next day Mr. *Baber* and Mr. *Willis* came to acquit themselves to me, and declared all the passages, *viz.* That if they could have made me drunk, partly by scandal, partly by Articling against me, they did not question to remove me. Not long after died one *James Powel*, who during much of the time of confusion had been Chamberlain of the City, and alway both a Defender of that Execrable Murder of our *Martyred Soveraign*, and violent Persecuter of all such as he imagined Loyal and Affectionate to the Church. This person (forsooth) must be buried without Divine Service read at the Interment, because he had sometime before his death conjured his Relations so to bury him, to which if I consented I should be liberally gratified. My Answer informed them that I was unacquainted with such Testaments, and such sorts of Liberality, which was more properly Scandalous Bribery; and I met the Corps brought to the Churchyard Gate, beginning, according to prescription, the Service for the Occasion: but the Bearers ran forward with such haste, that it would have given thoughts that their Master had whipt them forward, fearing the late arrival of his Purchase. Me they violently pluckt aside, and took from me the *Service Book*, giving me diverse Blows, together with incredible Scurrilous Language, and the *Clerke* putting his hand upon the Coffin, using perswasions not to interrupt the *Office* of the *Church*, a stander by wrest the Spade out of the *Sextons* hand, and chops the *Clerks* hand so that the blood ran upon the Coffin, his Funeral, being as his Life, besmeared with Innocent Blood. Alderman *Miles Jackson* and Alderman *Sandy* stood by beholding these violencies, and were not observed with the least word or motion to offer their Authority towards the curbing them. I complaining to my *Diocesan* of the so unaccountable carriage of these men, He immediately sent for Dr. *Gilbert Jones* then *Chan-*

cellor of the *Dioceſs*, and commanded him ſeverely to proſecute theſe Offenders: But he making me and five more Witneſſes to daunce attendance weekly for the ſpace of above half a year, I never heard more proceeding againſt them, than theſe words three ſeveral Court days directed to them; *Gentlemen your buſineſs here before me is very foul, but I will do you all the kindneſs that I can.* In Concluſion, the good aged *Biſhop* was tired with chiding and threatning, and we with attending, and ſo our admirable *Chancellor* puniſhed theſe *Rioters*.

Theſe abuſes were followed with Scandals of ſo notorious a nature, that none the moſt debaucht Villians could be ſaid to be guilty of greater, and the Abettors tutered by one *Ralph Farmer* (vulgarly before my living in *Briſtol* called *Malitious Farmer*) who had been firſt a *Maltſter*, then a *Sequeſtrator*, and laſtly, became ſuch a *Miniſter* as the times encouraged, and held St. *Nicholas Church*, from which the late Reverend Mr. *Towgood Dean* of *Briſtol* was ſequeſtred. Particularly a Plot was laid for me at the Marriage of the Daughter of one *John Dowl*, alias *Gotly* (a ſtrange two legged Beaſt (as I found afterward) but utterly unknown and unheard of by me before that time) with whom upon invitation I dined and departed within half an hour after dinner, but could not deny the promiſe of coming again to Supper, upon the very earneſt importunities of this *Dowl* with pretence of eſpecial Friends of mine, (whom he named) who had promiſed to be there likewiſe; I coming at the hour appointed, ſeeing many diſorderly Perſons there, but none of thoſe mentioned, took my leave and went home, yet was I reported to have Danced and drank till paſt Mid-night, to have been ſo drunk that I was not able to go, but to be driven home in a Wheelbarrow. Theſe reports coming to the before-mentioned Alderman *Cale's* Ears, and he acquainting me of the rumor, by his advice I convened the Authors before the *Biſhop*; having firſt made my Complaint to his *Lordſhip*, and diſcovered the improbability of receiving Juſtice from the *Chancellor*, if I ſhould ſue them in the Eccleſiaſtical Court. The Authors were the ſaid *John Dowl*, and two other moſt profligate Perſons, whom I had never ſeen before, *Thomas Boice* and *Robert Bowen*. With them I alſo convened the Bridegroom, and divers of the Brides Relations. *Dowl*, *Boice*, and *Bowen* were by chance overheard to be adviſed by *Ralph Farmer* to ſpeak confidently, and if the *Biſhop* ſhould condemn them, yet the infamy would ſtick to me. The *Biſhop* being informed hereof examined them ſingly. They all three agreed in their ſtory alledging what was before ſpoken; but *Boice* affirmed that I was there (concerned as is mentioned) till Eleven of the Clock at Night, *Dowl* ſaid till One, *Bowen* till Two in the Morning. On my ſide, the *Bridegroom* and the Relations teſtified that I departed the Houſe at Seven of the Clock that Night, and that they neither ſaw nor heard any thing tending to exceſs or folly of the nature of what his Father-in-law and the other two declared. Furthermore going home, I was met neer the Door of my Houſe, at ſeven of the Clock by three Country Gentlemen, who intimated a deſire to ſpeak with me, and promiſed to be with me within an hour; but ſtaying longer, I was in Bed by nine of the Clock, and ſcarcely lain down when the Gentlemen came and were brought up into my Chamber, and their buſineſs being only to deliver a Licence, and treat with me concerning the time of Marrying the Perſons therein mentioned, departed. Theſe I brought alſo and my Servants, who all teſtified ſo much; yet the three found thus malitiouſly falſe and (although unknown then to me) long known to the whole City to be the vileſt of Men, ſticking at no ſort of Rudeneſs, Lies or Debauchery, found among the Godly, ſober Party, the Credit of Saints and Angels.

Beſides many other contumelious reports, groundleſs and ſilly (ſuch as Church-haters had forged in their extravagant mirth, and uſed to tell of Parſons even before my Birth) impudently, packt upon me, for the ſpace of ſeveral years; I could not walk the ſtreets without vollies of ſcurrilous Terms, and reflections, thrown at me by Apprentices, and Journymen, the Maſters ſtanding by and ſhewing themſelves therewith pleaſed.

But my Patience (I thank God) preſerved me from the harms intended me by that ſort of Battery, and I was no more afflicted, then ſo far as Compaſſion for their Malice and Folly, moved me to Sorrow; neither did I forbear paſſing through any ſtreet by reaſon of the reproachfulneſs of the Inhabitants, or gratifie any ill temper by anger, or ſo much as turning my head to look upon the Perſons of diſingenuity. Nevertheleſs I was not Ignorant that the ill Characters of my Perſon, were not the ſole aim of their Aſperſions, but had learned from the Examples of *Superiors* (at the pedeſtral of whoſe Imitators I preſumed to ſtand) that the blackning a Name by Obloquy, made a grand Progreſs in Ruin.

And

And these were preparatives for justification of Actions to follow, which were frequent Arrests of me and my Servants; of my self for words pretended to be spoken, of which they never stood to the trial, of my servants for the like, and for treading beside the Paths of some of their grounds in their looking after my Tithes. And although they dared not stand to a Legal Determination, yet this was expensive, and they hoped by continual Actions to impoverish me, and likewise to tire the patience of my Friends, whom I made use of as Bayl, that if they could not drive me out of the City, yet they might secure me in a Prison. The before named *Dowle*, *Boyce* and one *Francis Bell* were the Principal Actors herein.

In the beginning of *December* in the year that Sir *Thomas Lanction* was Mayor (I cannot exactly speak the number of the year) I had occasion to send a Letter by a Trowman to one *Henry Hyman* living near *Monmouth*, who was wont to furnish me with Provisions of Corn, Bacon, *&c.* and not finding the Trowman aboard his Trow, his men directed me to the place where he was at the *White Hart* in *Corn-street*. Where finding him, I had scarcely delivered my business and called for a Flagon of Beer, when before I tasted it, came into the Room one *Atwood* and *Dickenson* Chief Constable and Constable of *All-Hallows Ward*, (the later being a reverend Heelmaker and Speaker in an Anabaptist Conventicle) who after some gaping one upon another, and a short silence, began to demand of me what business I had there. I Answered, That I would return them an Account if they first satisfied me what Authority they had to examine me. But their Answer was short, That they were Constables and must bring me before the *Mayor*. I refusing to go unless they shewed me a sufficient Warrant, they laid hands on me and dragged me forth, *Dickenson* striking me diverse blows, because, forsooth (not knowing the man but guessing by his words and gesture) I said I believed him to be some zealous *Tub-preaching Cobler*. The *Mayor* being not at home, they drew me to and fro through the Streets (as if some notorious Malefactor) in quest of the *Mayor*, and after two hours finding him, *Dickenson* presented me, informing him where they found me, and beginning to preach to the *Mayor* and both *Sheriffs* (present then) how unseemly and scandalous a thing it was for Ministers to frequent publick Houses, *&c.* Sir *Thomas* (whose thoughts were clear of Phanatical Dregs) required by what Warrant they had thus apprehended me; They produced Sir *Thomas*'s Warrant to search all Publick Houses and suspicious Places, and to apprehend all such Strangers as they any where met with, who could not give an account of the Places of their Abode or Business in Town, it being soon after an insurrection in the *North*. The *Mayor* replied, you intimate that you know Mr. *Godwyn* to be a Clergyman, and do you not know his place of Abode? They confessed, yes. What then is this (said he) to your Warrant? But furthermore tell me whether you found Mr. *Godwyn* doing there any ill or unlawful Act, or, can you prove that he sat there drinking beyond the limits by the Law expreſt? They answered, no, but began as before to Cant and tell him, That Ministers of the Gospel ought to be Pure and of good Conversation and Example. But the *Mayor* and *Sheriffs* threatning them for this Fact, they departed. Yet this they reported (and diverse in the City Lovers of the *Church* as well as Enemies believed it) That they had taken me in a House Drunk, and that the *Mayor* had ordered me to provide Sureties the next day for the Behaviour, and intended to indict me the next Quarter Sessions.

Diverse litigious Actions and approbrious Reflections (too tedious to insert here) being this year thrown upon me, the next year Mr. *Willoughby* was *Mayor*, in whose time certain Persons in and near the City died of the Plague. But one Mr. *Walter Chester* a Gentleman of my Parish falling sick and dying of a Pruritic, because I had during the time of his sickness been diverse times at Prayer with him, and had administred to him the Holy Eucharist, the *Mayor* upon slight Information that he died of the Plague, shuts up my House and places Musqueteers at my street and back Doors. The *Physitian* who was daily and almost hourly with Mr. *Chester* in his sickness lived almost in the Heart of the City, the *Apothecary* dwelt by the *Toulzey*, where the *Magistrates* and *Merchants* daily met, yet no notice was taken of them, whereas my House in the Suburbs must be shut up. And both to remove all pretence of the *Mayor* and other *Magistrates* not knowing who was the sick Mans *Physitian* or *Apothecary*, and manifest this an Act of Malice against me, the last is shewn by their fearless discourses and reception of the former. For Dr. *William Sermon* the *Physitian* and Mr. *Martin* the *Apothecary* in the presence of the *Mayor* and *Aldermen* at the Toulzey made Oath that Mr. *Chester* died not of any Contagious Disease but of the Pluritic;

ſo did one Woman who attended him in his ſickneſs, and two others who laid him out (as they term it) ſware that there was not the leaſt ſpot or token of the Plague upon the body. But before this Oath taken, the *Mayor* and the reſt diſcourſt Dr. *Sermon* and Mr. *Martin* as unconcernedly as if beforehand ſatisfied there was no occaſion for their Oath. Yet after their Oaths and a Permiſſion that the Deceaſed Perſons Body ſhould be interred in the Chancel of his Pariſh Church, the Muſqueteers were continued at my Doors two days, and when the Corps of my Friend and Pariſhioner was carried by my Door to be Buried I was denied by the Guard (which was ſtrengthned with the *Mayor* and *Sheriffs* Sarjeants and Officers more at that time than before) to do my Office as Incumbent or perform the laſt Requiſits of Friendſhip towards a Perſon I intirely loved. But then I furiouſly brake through them, and accompanied my truly kind Neighbour to his laſt Repoſe. And here Malice took its old Courſe, and Mr. *Thomas Dayes* (ſince an Alderman of the City as I have been informed) was the Author of a report (which was ſpread abroad with the wonted celerity of a Party willing to fix ſcandal) that he died not of a Pluriſie, but a violent Fever occaſioned by high Drinking with me. Meeting him upon the arrival of the ſcandal at mine ears, I deſired him to intimate to me the place and time when Mr. *Cheſter* and I had been together more than one quarter of an hour in a month before his ſickneſs; He anſwered, That he had heard ſo much; but being preſt to let me underſtand by whom this was told him, and what probable Inducements he had to report what tended ſo highly to the defaming of a Clergyman, I could obtain no anſwer, but after a Hum and Haw or two pretended, he was glad that it was not true, and that he would ſatisfie thoſe to whom he had ſpoken it that he believed the report to be falſe. I thanked him for his firſt great civility in ſo freely murdering my Reputation, and the ſecond in taking me to be ſo eminent a Coxcomb as to believe, That he would make it his buſineſs to give himſelf the lye, and then took my leave of him.

Within three weeks after this one *Crow* my Pariſhioner his Wife covetouſly buying the Clothes of ſome who died of the Plague, fell ſick and died of it likewiſe. I had not heard of either his death or ſickneſs, but took a Boat with ſix Friends to go down to the Port of *Kingroad* to ſee the Saint *Patrick Frigat*, which was newly built, rigged and ready to ſail. In my abſence notice was given of this mans Funeral, but the Cauſe of his Death concealed. My *Clerk* deſired Mr. *Forcith* Rector of the next Pariſh of St. *Peters* to bury this Perſon, which he readily did, neither he, nor any Neigbour accompanying the Corps to the Grave ſuſpecting the Diſeaſe whereof he died to be what it afterward appeared. Two days after came Conſtables, Sarjeants and Watchmen armed with Muſquets and Swords acquainting me from the *Mayor* that my Houſe muſt be ſhut up in regard of the danger the City was in by ſuffering me or any of my Family to walk the Streets, ſeeing I had been ſo deſperate as to Bury a man dying of the Plague. I knowing nothing of it, thought it had been the old ſtory of Mr. *Cheſter* revived, but afterward diverſe perſons dying ſuddenly, who had been at that Burial, I underſtood the ground of my confinement. To remove the miſtake I ſent four of the perſons who were with me on board the St. *Patrick* that day to teſtifie my not Burial of that Corps, they knowing me to be ten miles out of the City. But Mr. *Mayor* replied That I was a bold adventurous Perſon and made more Scruple of a Ceremony than ruining the City, and that if I had not buried *Crow*, yet if I were at liberty I would bury others, and therefore the Guards ſhould be continued. So by this ſort of preventive Juſtice my houſe was ſhut up a whole month. Yet all this while diverſe Inhabitants of the City, preſent at *Crows* Burial, who did eat and drink in the Houſe were not any way taken notice of.

The ſame year being repairing my Vicaridge Houſe, I cut down an Aſh in the Church-yard which was ſerviceable for that Purpoſe, and was Indicted at the Quarter Seſſions for making waſte upon the City Lands. Now the pretence of calling the Church-yard the City Land was that the *Mayor*, *Aldermen* and *Common Council* had the Right of Preſentation to that Vicaridge. Their folly could amount to no more than putting me to expences, for eſteeming it my duty to defend the Rights of my *Church* I proceeded to traverſe the Indictment, but it was let fall, they thinking it not ſafe to go on to a Tryal.

Alderman *Morgan* (as I take it) ſucceeded Mr. *Willoughby*; nevertheleſs upon St. *Johns* day in *Chriſtmas* in Mr. *Morgans* year, while I was reading the Evening Service for that Feſtival, a great company of Boyes (fifty or more) with ſhouts and hideous noiſes at

the

the Church Doors interrupted the Devotions of the Office. The *Sexton* going forth of the *Church* endeavouring to curb them, was beaten into the *Church* with Stones; the *Sexton* going forth again with the *Clerk*, they were both dealt with in the same manner. Seeing no remedy I persisted to the finishing of the Days Duty as well as I could in such a disturbance: which ended, as we passed out of the *Church* diverse of the Boyes fled, but some continued fearless and impudent. Among others one *Bingham* more impudent than the rest let down his Breeches and in most unseemly manner affronted me and those People who came forth of the *Church*. I confess my indignation compelled me to make him taste the severity of my Cane and the Tee of my Shoe. But the provocation was the greater in regard I had thrice before complained to his Grandfather and Grandmother *Thomas Wright* and his *Wife*, with whom he lived, of his rudeness at other times when I was reading *Divine Service*, and have still a confirmation that he was encouraged thereto by them and his Mother (then married to one *Hart* a Seaman) which opinion what I am to deliver fixes in me. For going directly from the *Church* to visit a sick Parishioner, while I was praying with her the Lads Grandmother and Mother with other women were at the door of the sick Womans House, brawling and making noises little inferiour to that of the Boyes at the Church door. When I came forth I was saluted with variety of approbrious terms, and the Path leading homeward being by the side of a Ditch the Mother suddenly gives me a thrust which had inevitably plunged me in the mire and dyed my Gown, had not a man coming by observed her motion and plucked me back by the arm. I used all mild expressions to perswade them to come to my House and reason the matter with me there, that it did misbecome them in that nature to make an uproar in the Street, and more to that purpose. But they the more furiously belched out foul language, and after such Terms used, the Grandmother threatned me to acquaint the *Mayor* with what I had done. To all that was said I made no reply, but walkt on with silence until that last womanish threatning, to which turning about I answered, The *Mayor* will much thank you for it. Immediately the Mother bawls out, *What do you not care a Fart for the Mayor?* The Brawl occasioned a great concourse among which were some good people, but especially five men, who had often rebuked the women for their misbehaviour. To these (as soon as the women had spoken the words) I said, *It's a thousand to one but these malitious women will inform and insence the Mayor with the words pretended to be spoken, whereas you can testifie that nothing like it came from me.* I did not in the least suspect that the *Mayor* could be so wretchedly silly as to take notice of it, but conjectured that through their want of discretion a Gossipping or Pick-thank story might be promoted. But the next morning came two Sarjeants to my House requiring my appearance before Mr. *Mayor* immediately at the Toulzey. I desired to see their Warrant, but they answered that they were the *Mayors Sarjeants* and their Persons were Warrants. I refused to go without a Warrant, but they laid hands upon me and compelled me. At the *Toulzey* were present the Grandmother and the Mother, who sware that I said *I did not care a Fart for the Mayor.* The *Mayor* and *Aldermen* then present (except Sir *Thomas Langton*, who departed saying to his Brethren, You do not do well to hearken to Womens Tittle Tattles, I'le be gone) required me to give sureties for the answering at the next Quarter Sessions and the Behaviour in the mean time. But I had sent for the five men before mentioned, who offered to swear That being between me and the women they heard all the words by me uttered at that time, while the Women were Brawling, but that they did not hear any such words spoken by me. Sir *John Knight* the Elder (who esteems himself an Oracle of the Law) told them, this was *a Negative Oath and would signifie nothing.* I argued, That if I had spoken such words, the place where they were said to be spoken was not within any part of the *City*, but in *Glocestershire*, and that in the Womens Oath there was no mention of any particular *Mayor* of *Glocester* more than *Bristol*, or *Bristol* than *Coventry*; but to manifest that I was not so ungratefully ill-bred as causelessly to affront so eminent a Magistrate and one of my Patrons, I offered to take my Oath that *I was so far from speaking those words, that they were not so much as in my thoughts*, until the Womens speaking them. But Sir *John* could speak nothing but Law, and that discreetly, and accepted neither my asseveration as a Clergyman, nor my Oath as a

man; two witneſſes ſwearing poſitively, and my Oath being only negative and in my own Cauſe. I urged again, That if any perſon had been faulty in ſpeaking rudely of another, to any ingenious men his being aſhamed thereof was ſufficient ſatisfaction, and that it was ſatisfaction enough in my judgement that my ſelf and five more (perſons of known repute) could ſwear the words not ſpoken by me, and what I offered was argument enough that I eſteemed ſuch language misbecoming me, that it could not appear other than Malice and Revenge in the women; and laſtly, that if the words had really been ſpoken, I ſaw no ground that they had for ſuch proceeding, but that my rudeneſs was my own puniſhment. Sir *John* inſiſted upon the poſitive Oaths, and required ſurety, which I denied ſo much as to ſeek for. So my *Mittimus* was made and I was committed to *Newgate* Priſon for the ſpace of ſix days, Sir *John Knight*, Alderman *Willoughby*, Alderman *Hix*, Alderman *Stevens*, and Alderman *Lawford* ſigned the Mittimus: during which time I deſired on *Sunday* and *Newyears* day to have the liberty to officiate at my *Pariſh Church* paying a Keeper to go with me. The *Goaler* dared not permit this without the *Mayors* leave. I wrote to the *Mayor* to deſire that liberty, but was denied. At ſix days end I gave Bayl, but the night before I went forth of the Priſon, the Keeper of it (being ſent for into my Chamber to receive his Chamber-rent and Fees) began to perſwade me to a ſubmiſſion and to caſt my ſelf wholly upon the *Mayor* and *Aldermens* mercy: my anſwers averſe to his propoſitions ſeemed ſtrange, eſpecially in regard of their Power, and that (although perſons very rich in their own private fortunes) they would proſecute me with the Chamber-ſtock, and in fine would certainly ruine me. I replied, that little of their love to Juſtice would appear in their relying only upon their Power and Riches; that the truſt was preſumed to be put into the manegery of thoſe that were impartial, who would not be moved to wrong doing by either favour or ſpleen. At laſt after much diſcourſe to this purpoſe I ſaid, *Come, Come, Mr.* Holt (*the Keepers Name*) *thy are a company of Noddies and know not what they do.* This was a grand Offence and moved the *Sophies* to high indignation, eſpecially by the Keepers (to obtain with his Maſters the repute of being diligently jealous of their eſteem) adding and ſwearing more than was ſpoken, although words in themſelves meerly frivolous. Hereupon I was again committed and detained under cloſe confinement ten days more, and then Bayled forth. During my Confinement the *Mayor*, Sir *John Knight*, the two *Sheriffs*, Mr. *Robert Aldworth* the Townclarke who had been a Colſonel in Service againſt King *Charles* the *1ſt.* and Son of that inſolent and ungrateful Rebel *Alderman Aldworth*, who being *Mayor* of *Briſtol* ſhut the City Gates againſt his *Maſter*, and the *King* forcing his entrance, with an unuſual Clemency, not only prohibited Military Execution (as in thoſe caſes) but was graciouſly pleaſed both to pardon the Traytor and recommit to him the Sword. Yet his *Majeſty* had no ſooner left the *City* but *Aldworth* did (notwithſtanding his many pretenſively thankful aſſeverations of future Allegiance) conſpire againſt his *Prince*, whoſe moſt eminent Compaſſion reprieved him from the jaws of Hell, and made the *City* a *Parliament Garriſon*. Mr. *Robins* Steward of the *Sheriffs* Court was ſent with diverſe others to the *Biſhop* with the Complaint of my rude carriage toward the *Mayor* at one time, and moſt of the Magiſtrates of the City came at another. Sir *John Knight*, as moſt potent in Law, laid open the offence in a ſpeech very copious and prodigiouſly eloquent, concluding with a Prayer that I might be proſecuted for this miſdemeanour in the *Eccleſiaſtical Court*; Mr. *Aldworth* ſeconded him; but Mr. *Robins* expreſly denied to ſpeak againſt a Clergy-man in a Cauſe whereof he was altogether diſſatisfied. The *Biſhop* (when Sir *Johns* Gaping fit was over) had liberty to deliver his ſentiments, that he thought the *Magiſtrates* had done very ill in Committing a *Clergy-man* to Priſon on pretence of miſdemeanour of words; that if any words deſerving puniſhment had been ſpoken, he accounted himſelf the proper Judge; That they had ſhewed too much of prejudice and little knowledge in endeavouring to inflict on any man for the ſame offence two puniſhments, unleſs in ſuch caſe as the Law did eſpecially provide; That he had taken care to examine the whole matter and found that there was nothing but malice in it, being confident that the words (which the Women teſtified) were not ſpoken, and that (if ſpoken) he ſaw no remedy that they had by ſuch ways of proceeding; That it was a blemiſh to their Authority and Judgements to give ear

to ſuch impertinent Informations: laſtly, That he required them forthwith to Releaſe me. But Sir *John* to manifeſt his Subtilty as well as Eloquence, had reſerved to the laſt what he had to alledge of moſt weighty Conſequence, That I had aſſaulted and beaten a Boy (*Bingham* before mentioned) in the Church-yard of St. *Philip*, *&c.* upon St. *John's* day in the Even laſt; That by the Statute of the fourth of King *Edward* the ſixth, every *Clergy-man* fighting, ſtriking or brawling within the Precincts or limits of any *Church* or *Church-yard* be forthwith ſuſpended from his Office. His *Lordſhip* replied, That Sir *John* miſtook the meaning of the Statute, it being intended to curb the licentiouſneſs of extravagant Perſons, who except by the ſenſe of a Penalty, knew not how to diſtinguiſh Places Conſecrate from Unconſecrate; That Sir *John* ſhewed himſelf miſled by paſſion in ſpeaking ſo ſharply againſt a *Clergy-man*, and forgetting the Occaſion, the Boys inſolence in diſturbing Divine Service, and beating the *Clerk* and *Sexton* with ſtones; That withall he had done well in ſhewing his reſpect to the *Church* by promoting Proſecution againſt the Women, who followed Mr. *Godwyn* through the Church-yard brawling, terming him *Rogue* and *Papiſt Villain*, with many other approbrious Terms, which (although it proved otherwiſe) might have provoked him to unadviſed Expreſſions; that the Statute urged by Sir *John* enabled the *Ordinary* of the *Dioceſs* to proceed againſt Lay-perſons offending againſt the Tenor of it to ſuſpenſion *ab ingreſſu Eccleſiæ* as well againſt Clergy-men to ſuſpenſion *ab Officio*; That therefore he muſt either proceed againſt the *Sextons* of the *Cathedral* for correcting, in his view, Boyes or others misbehaving themſelves in the *Church*, or ſuffer *Divine Service* to the Reproach of *Religion* to be huddled up with a mixture of all ſorts of confuſed noiſes; which was Mr. *Godwyns* Caſe; And that ſeeing Sir *John*, in the preciſe Letter of the Law, termed this Act of Mr. *Godwyns* an *Aſſault* upon the Lad, as *Biſhop* he muſt proceed againſt the *Maſter* of the *School* within the limits of the Cathedral to a ſuſpenſion as often as any ſilly Woman ſhould complain that her Son, or Grandſons, or Cozens Buttocks were *aſſaulted* by the *Maſter*. Sir *John* retired with much regret that his Learning and Faculties were ſlighted; but before departure gravely informed his Lordſhip, that it would not redound to his *Honour* to defend ſuch as delighted in affronting Magiſtrates, and to encourage *Clergy-men* to be Strikers and Revengers of their own injuries. At the *Quarter Seſſions* following two Indictments were drawn up againſt me, and found by the *Grand Jury*. Theſe being upon appeal removed to the *Kings Bench*, in the *Hillary Term* following coming to *London*, as I paſſed through *Chancery Lane* in order to adviſe with Mr. *Gregory* (now Sir *William Gregory*, one of the Honourable *Barons* of the *Exchequer*) I met with *Aldworth* before-mentioned, who with much pretended kindneſs ſaluted me, and deſired my company for a ſhort ſpace in *Lincolns Inn* Walks. I conſented and received there diverſe fawning and bemoaning expreſſions, intimating how much he reſpected me, and was troubled at the unhappy Differences between the City and me. He importuned me not to proceed, for that his affection to me was ſuch that he would make up the Breach, and beget in the *Magiſtrates* an advantageous underſtanding of me; That his acquaintance with me ſince my coming to *Briſtol* aſſured him that what was Sworn by the Women was malitious and falſe, with much more of that nature. In fine, I promiſed not to proceed, if he promiſed me faithfully to take care that no advantage thereof ſhould be taken. This with exceeding pleaſantneſs and ſmiles he thankt me for, bidding me not doubt in the leſt but that he would do that and more than I could imagine conducing both to my credit and intereſt, ſeeing my ready inclinations to a peaceable compoſure. I relying on theſe promiſes returned to *Briſtol*, immediately after my return was taken into cuſtody by Proceſs out of the *Crown-Office* for not proſecuting the Traverſe, and was forced to pay Charges and give ſecurity to traverſe the Indictments. The next Term I met him in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, where he began to accoſt me with the ſame wheedle; and my retort of his breach of Promiſe gave him no bluſh nor moved him from any Complement, only he aſſured me that ſmall charges would ſignifie nothing in reſpect to the kindneſſes which he intended me. Many endearing

expreſſions I received, but bluntly told him that I would no more believe a Perſon who had once forfeited his Credit in an affair of ſuch a ſort, that it might have been at will preſerved, wiſhing him to attend the *Court* to make defence, for that I reſolved by the firſt opportunity by Counſels Motion to endeavour to quaſh the Indictments. Which the next day by the now Mr. *Baron Gregory* was performed, the *Court* ſeverely checking Mr. *Townclark* for adviſing and defending ſuch Proſecution. Now it pleaſed *God* to fruſtrate the malitious intentions of theſe people without any great affliction to me. Yet I cannot but obſerve by the way, that ſeeing how deſperately the two *Women* and *Holt* ſware, had their knowledge been better informed, they would undoubtedly have ſworn to a higher Pitch. For the *Perjury* being the ſame as if they had ſworn *Burglary* againſt me, the *Oath* would not have choaked them ſooner in one caſe than the other. *Holt* not long after died ravingly mad, and crying out againſt *Perjury*, and demanding *what's the reward of Falſe Swearing?* Mrs. *Wright*, *Binghams* Grandmother lived two years after or thereabouts, and then falling ſick, and being near death, was frequent (as divers, who viſited her, informed me) in very horrid expreſſions as deſpairing, although pretenſively ſhe was very religiouſly addicted. I was told likewiſe by certain Neighbours who viſited her, that ſhe was very deſirous to ſpeak with me, and to that end I came thrice, as well out of pity as Conſcience of Duty to Pray with and diſcourſe her, but her Daughter (*Bingham*'s Mother) denied me admittance. This Daughter is yet, or was lately alive, but, poor Wretch! moſt unfortunate ever ſince that Oath taken, living before that very proſperouſly. She's laden with infamy and ſcorn by the miſcarriages both of her Husband and ſelf; and her other great calamities ought not to be reflected upon, if the leudneſs of her life, and no apparent ſenſe of that miſery did not ſpur me on thus to mention ſo great an Object of Compaſſion, *on whom I beſeech God to have mercy.*

In the ſame year of Mr. *Morgan*'s Mayoralty (Sir *John Knight* and Mr. *Aldworth* being the principal Contrivers) I had two more admirable Trials of my Patron's affection. The firſt was the old Project of Scandal, (and (were not my Evidence Mr. *Burroughs* then Swordbearer now dead) I would more plainly ſay Subornation of Perjury to render me ſcandalous) to the carrying on of which they buſily tampered with ſuch as were eſteemed meet for their purpoſe, whom while ſupplied with drink, they found ready to ſay any thing that might gratifie their Maſters, Their chief Factor was one *Thomas Warren*, whoſe employment it was to pick up Merchants of Fame. Of ſuch ſeaven (Men and Women) were ſelected as able to carry on the work, whoſe Names, and the Subſtance of what they were to Teſtifie being brought to Mr. *Aldworth*, he drew them up in form ready for Oath and Signature. This was diſcovered by Mr. *Burroughs*, (a zealouſly loyal Churchman) who gave me the reſpect of a viſit, and to adviſe me to look to my ſelf, for that he overheard ſome whiſperings of deſign againſt me, and ſaw Papers handed from one to another by the *Mayor*, *Townclark* and others upon that day dining with the *Mayor*. In ſhort, the *Mayor* and other *Particles of Juſtice* were on a certain day drawn together into the *Council Chamber* of the City, to ſit, as in a Council of War, to determine of a Poor Vicars Repute; and *Thomas Warren* was File-leader of the Executioners; For two of the ſeaven appeared not at all. The five managed one by one by *Warren*, and brought to *Aldworth* (who ſtood in the Stairs leading to the Chamber to preexamine and inſtruct) denied to ſwear what they had ſaid. *Warren* was angry, and *Aldworth* askt them *what they came thither for, if they would not Swear?* To whoſe queſtion they anſwered, That Mr. *Warren* made them drunk, and that (whatever they had ſaid in their drink) they would not ſwear what was read to them out of Mr. *Aldworth*'s Papers for all the world. So the *Right Worſhipful* and *Worſhipful* departed as wiſe and honeſt as they came. Their intentions had been buzzed about the City among the Conventicling Parties, before Mr. *Barrough*'s diſcovery, although not ſo privately, but that ſome of the *Orthodox Party* diſcerned ſomewhat of contrivance againſt me though

they

they knew not what it was, the day only being known when ſomething of an high nature was to be proved againſt me. This brought the Factious Birds in Flocks, and the uncertain rumour brought the ingenious ſorrowful men to be ſpectators. Diverſe of theſe laſt ſaw *Warren* buſie in whiſpering and introducing the Witneſſes one by one, but Mr. *Burroughs* only heard the words ſpoken by and to Mr. *Aldworth*, having, by virtue of his Office, more liberty than others to come within hearing.

This Holy Stratagem was improſperous; but Malice being alway active, they are furniſht with a new Deviſe. Matter of Scandal was ſome years laid aſide, but in the ſame Mr. *Morgan's* Mayoralty I was ſent for to the *Toultzy* by a *Serjeant*, and there brought up into the *Council Houſe*, where Sir *John Knight* twatled at his accuſtomed rates, demanding of me particularly *by what pretence of right I received Tithes within the liberties of the City*; my Anſwer was, *As lawful Incumbent of the Vicaridge of St.* Philip *of* Jacob *within the City.* Sir *John* replied, *That the City by its Charter was exempted from all payments of Tithes, the Chamber paying fourteen* (to the beſt of my remembrance) *pounds yearly to the Abby of* Tewkesbury *part of the Queens Dower pro omnibus Decimis Villæ Briſtol.* I juſtified the Tithes my right, as being received by my Predeceſſors ſo long as that the memory of man could not alledge to the contrary, and that I would defend the Rights of my Church to the utmoſt of my power, not fearing *Gods* bleſſing upon endeavours and a Cauſe ſo juſt. The Pariſhioners, ſuch as were Phanatical and willing to contribute to ruine the *Church*, had private notice to be ready, and the Chief of them called up into the *Council Houſe*, and commanded to pay no more Tithes to me or any ſucceeding *Vicar* of that Pariſh, aſſuring them, that if I brought any action againſt any of them, their charges ſhould be reimburſed out of the Chamber ſtock. I urged that the *Rector* of St. *Michaels* in the City received Tithes time out of mind for Lands within the liberties of the City, and that the City Chamber paid the Incumbent of little St. *Auguſtines* an annual Compoſition for *Priors Hill*, in regard it was made common to the Citizens for certain uſes, and ceaſed to be beneficial as formerly, together with other Lands within that Pariſh, upon which Buildings were erected. Sir *John* learnedly confuted me with ſaying, that that of St. *Auguſtines* was matter of benevolence, and the other ſhould be enquired into. I departed, and in purſuance of my Promiſe, ſerved *Thomas Warren* and others with *Subpenaes* out of the *Exchequer* for non-ſatisfaction for my Tithes. They defended the Cauſe for a while, but, after conſiderable expences, coming to the ſucceeding *Mayor* Alderman *Stevens* with a Bill of Charges, and to Petition for an Order for Reimburſement according to the former Aſſurance, the *Mayor* (although very forward in encouraging them the preceding year, and as forwardly concerned in the former practiſes againſt me) had conſidered of the matter, and anſwered that no ſuch Order ſhould be granted; That Alderman *Morgan* galloped too faſt in promiſes, but that he would trot on conſiderately in performancies of his engagements in raſh attempts. This anſwer cooled my Adverſaries, and for that time they came to Compoſition; neither did I find any further trouble from the following *Mayors* or other than due reſpects.

But the turbulent *Spirit of Phanaticiſm* began by banding together, to bring to paſs by their own Purſes and Subtilties, what they failed of effecting by the *Magiſtrates*. To this end divers of them (fourteen in number) entred into a Combination and mutual engagement to detain my Tithes, not only within the Liberties of the *City*, but thoſe parts of the Pariſh which lay without the *City*. The Names of theſe were *John Dowl*, *Thomas Warren*, *John Teage*, *Richard Winſton*, *Robert Miles*, and *Francis Bell*, Principal Conſpirators; with whom aſſociated in Councel *Thomas Edwards*, *Thomas Wright*, *Henry Lang* not ſued, but promoters of the others obſtinacy. The reſt were rather drawn in, and therefore after ſome time left them. But three years they held me in Law, making *Affidavits* of one ſort or other, and bringing down *Commiſſion* upon *Commiſſion*. At length (when they had almoſt worn me out) they began to ſuſpect and diſagree among themſelves. For the Greater charged the Meaner

with ſuch Large Bills in Partnerſhip from time to time, that they began to fear themſelves enſnared, and to ſhew their Bills. This I by accident hearing was not wanting to add fewel to their jealouſie, which increaſing, they deſerted the Knot of Complicators, and not only compounded with me, but became alſo Conformable. The reſt ſtood off, but not much longer. The miſs of ſo many Contributors troubled them; for Seditious men as they are Malitious and care not how deeply they engage in miſchief, ſo are they for the moſt part Seditious out of Covetouſneſs. Theſe alſo began to be jealous one of another, and by degrees compounded, all except *Teage* and *Winſton*, who in concluſion were the *Aſſes*, which bare the others burdens; for they were compelled to agreement on almoſt arbitrary Terms. Thus was the ſtorm over, which by moſt rational mens conjectures would have ſunk or wrackt me; but *Divine Providence* reſerving me to further trials, permitted not this Divice to be ſucceſsful; their own follies ruined what in their firſt conſultations was perniciouſly reſolved. Then I had ſome reſt for two years, the following *Mayors* Sir *Robert Toemans* and Alderman *Streamer* being ſo generouſly and diſcreetly affected to Loyalty and the Diſcipline of the *Church*, that the ſly *Conventicler* durſt not attempt by them; The *Biſhop* would not be moved, and the Law gave him no encouragement. The Adverſary had, during the late times of Confuſion, concealed the Vicaridge Rights, and hoped to have involved them in Cuſtom, inſomuch that at my firſt coming thither my yearly accounts of the Vicaridge Tithes, Offerings and other Cuſtomary Duties amounted not to thirty pounds; which (by their own wrangling and diſingenuous practiſes chiefly) I had by this time raiſed to be an hundred and ten pounds yearly, being perfectly aſſured they were worth thirty pounds more. But I thought I had done enough, and was deſirous of embracing that tranquility, which then ſeemed to Court me.

Nevertheleſs withihn half an year after the birth of my confidence that I ſhould be at reſt (having patiently wearied the men of commotion) it pleaſed *God* that I was afflicted with a violent *Quartan Ague*, which worried me two years together. Towards the end of this diſtemper a certain *Quaker* named *Morrice Williams* (whoſe Wife was Maſter and Governor according to the methods of perverſeneſs in general uſe among Sectaries) fearing a Law Suit for the tithes of many years in arrears, came to me and reckoned with me, the account ariſing to twenty three pounds and upward. This Debt he ſaid he could not pay in ready mony, neither otherwiſe, in regard of his Wifes unmanagable temper. But he deſired me for the future to take my Tithes in kind, wherein I ſhould have no oppoſition, but a free allowance from him ſo to do, and alſo to take as much more as my Tithes yearly until the Debt ſhould be ſatisfied. This was on both ſides concluded, but not put in execution, *Morrice Williams* ſoon after dying. His Widow I deſigned to compel to payment, being able to prove the account and acknowledgements of her Husband. To this end I cauſed her to be ſummoned into the Eccleſiaſtical Court, where ſhe was required either to produce and prove a will, or to Adminiſter to her Husbands Eſtate. She denied any Will made, or to take any Oath in order to Adminiſtration. Her refuſal being entred I adminiſtred as Principal Creditor, and by virtue of my Adminiſtration took into my Poſſeſſion divers Head of Cattle. But Mr. *Thomas Day* (beforementioned) being Landlord of what ground *Morrice Williams* farmed, cauſed the Cattle to be brought back by an illegal *Replevin*. His reaſons for fetching them back were grounded upon a pretended Right that he had to them, as being made over to him by *Morrice Williams* in his lifetime; and that the cauſe of this Conveyance was that *Williams* and his *Wife* being obſtinate *Conventiclers*, if their Cattle ſhould be ſeiſed for penalties, in meeting contrary to the Tenor of the *Acts againſt unlawful Aſſemblies*, they might be diſabled from paying his rent. So here was a preſent Fraud to baffle the procedure of Juſtice, out of pretence of an inconvenience that might poſſibly follow. Mr. *Day* was that year one of the *Sheriffs*, which ſwelled his confidence, and gave his diſhoneſt thoughts the larger Wings. But yet this knack of the Conveyance of the Cattle did not look ſafe; therefore at laſt the Widow ſued forth

of the *Prerogative Court* Letters of Adminiſtration, and although not ſworn, was returned ſworn by one (*Matthew* I ſuppoſe) *Hazard* a *Nonconformiſt Preacher*. I oppoſed my Letters of Adminiſtration to hers, and upon a Commiſſion inquiry being made what *Bona notabilia Morrice Williams* had out of the *Dioceſs* at the time of his death, there was only proof that a certain man owed him five pounds for Hey received from *Williams* ; but upon cloſe examination it was found a deſperate debt, the Debtor owing many hundreds more than he was able to pay, (whereas it is required that he had of ſuch a value in *Goods or Good Debts* to make it a Prerogative Caſe) neither could they prove whether this Debtor was then within the *Dioceſs* or not. This notwithſtanding (I being confined by ſickneſs to my Chamber, and not able to appear in or look after the managing of my Buſineſs) the Adminiſtration was granted to the Widow. And after my recovery being in *London* with my *Proctor* admiring how the Cauſe was ſo carried, I received only this ſatisfaction from him ; *This it is to bring into any Court a Cauſe which is againſt the intereſt of the Court.*

Mr. *Day* was not content with this Victory, nor with ordinary Courſes for recovery of Damages pretended to be ſuſtained in driving of the Cattle, but ſued my Servant to an Outlawry in the *Kings Bench*. The Outlawry was ſurreptitiouſly obtained ; and the proceedings were in the *Kings Bench* on purpoſe to make the Charge exceſſive before I could be able to make defence. Therefore the Writ was taken out in the Middle of *Hillary Term*, and the Man arreſted and impriſoned, no Bail or Remedy to be taken, but that he muſt continue a Priſoner until by *Habeas Corpus* he could be brought to give Bail before one of the *Juſtices* of the *Kings Bench*, which could be no ſooner than *Eaſter Term*. Had not Malice and Zeal to Faction ſpurred him on, that is, if bare reparation for a Treſpaſs had been the utmoſt of his intention, the Man might any day, or almoſt any hour of any day have been Arreſted, the Cauſe would ſooner have come to Tryal, and (if Juſtice had favoured him) his damages would have certainly not have been the leſs for his fair and legal proceeding to Judgement. However I reſolved to ſtand to Trial, having delivered a Writ of *Habeas Corpus* to the under-Sheriff, Mr. *Day* began ſome other Phanatical Practiſes, and daily and hourly after the delivery of the Writ, ſome or other from him were tampering with my Servant, inſtilling into his mind many fearful apprehenſions of Mr. *Days* power and his own Danger, and at length wheedled the ſilly Wretch out of three pounds, and into a General Releaſe.

But now I am to relate Paſſages, in compariſon of which, all that hath been ſaid is ſo ſlight and inſignificant, that the paſt actions of mine enemies ſeem rather Complements and Civilities than matter of Complaint. And if the truth of what I am delivering were not known to many men of indiſputable worth and integrity, inhabiting in and near the Places of Action, I ſhould forbear to write what I muſt ſuſpect that few or none would believe. But here *Malice* met with an *Agent*, who beſides his Power knew how to manage a Church-murdering Weapon. I was adviſed by Dr. *Ironſide* (the beforementioned *Biſhop*) and my ever *Honoured Lord* to procure a Qualification to make me capable of ſome kindneſs, which his *Lordſhip* would confer upon me as opportunity ſhould ſerve. I hereupon wrote to one Mr. *Francis Melſam* then belonging to the *Paper Office* in *Scotland Yard* to make ſearch for a Vacancy, and to give me neceſſary inſtructions to whom I muſt repair for obtaining of it and when. But he very expeditely ſent me down a Qualification under the *Lord Denzill Holles* Hand and Seal, acquainting me that he had given the *Lords Secretary*, as his accuſtomed Fee, five *Guyneas*, and left the conſideration of his diligence to my own Pleaſure. I returned him ſeven *Guyneas*, and the Inſtrument withal to be altered, the *Clark* in drawing it having committed a miſtake, naming *Thomas Godwyn Vicar* of St. *Peters* inſtead of *Vicar* of St. *Philip* and *Jacobs Church*; which receiving amendment of that error was ſent back to me. I came divers times to make offer to his *Lordſhip* of my ſervice, and to render him thanks for this ſo ample a favour, but his *Lordſhip* being either beyond Seas, or in the Country at ſuch times as I was in *London*, I had not the ſight of my *Worthy Patron*. I con-

 ſeſs

feſs his being one of the *Five Members* filled my mind with inauſpicious jealouſies, fearing that he could not be waſht white with all thoſe *Sacred Lavers* of *Royal Clemency and Grace* wherein he floated, who ſcorned to publiſh any Recognitions of the Horrid Indignities and Affronts thrown upon an Incomparable *Prince*. Within three years after my becoming a *Chaplain* (to a *Lord*, whom I could not love, neither was very ſolicitous to know) Dr. *Ironſides* died and the truly Heroick Dr. *Carleton* (now *Biſhop* of *Chicheſter*) ſucceeded. He obſerving the *Synagogues of Satan* to be more in eſteem and frequented than the *Temples of our everbleſſed Redeemer*, and the inſolent behaviour of thoſe that were trained up in thoſe *Nurſeries of Pride and Miſchief*, with a *truly Epiſcopal Zeal* laboured the ſuppreſſion of them. Theſe endeavours muſt be ſuppoſed to be received, not only with the utmoſt reproaches of a Calumniating and Viperous Generation, but alſo all the ſly Arts of Revenge. Which nevertheleſs could not reach his *Lordſhip*; and therefore they conſult how to wound him through the ſides of the *Obedient Clergy*. Of whom likewiſe two only appeared open to their attempts, the Reverend Mr. *Pleydel Rector* of St. *Peters Curch* there, and now *Archdeacon* of *Chicheſter*, and my ſelf. In concluſion Mr. *Pleydell* alſo brake the Snare, but that laid for me was of greater ſtrength. For the *Lord Holles* denied the Signing and Sealing the beforementioned Inſtrument, and expreſly before the late *Lord Chancellor* accuſed me of forgery. His *Lordſhips Secretary* was ſaid to be gone into *France*, and Mr. *Melſam* was removed and not to be heard of. A pretence was likewiſe formed to the *Lord Chancellor* that I held two Benefices by the means of this forged Qualification, and that St. *Philips* in *Briſtol* was lapſed into the *Kings* Hands by my accepting another Benefice, being not legally enabled to hold a Plurality. One Mr. *Thomas Cary* was by the forwarding and underhand aſſiſtance of the *Holy Rabble*, preferred to be a Petitioner for a preſentation on the account of the Lapſe, and the *Lord Chancellor* exaſperated with the *Lord Holles*'s Complaint and other Calumnies (requiſite at ſuch a time for compleating ſuch a Project) would not receive my Addreſſes, petitioning either for a new Preſentation to correct what might be pretended to be error, or a ſuſpenſion of Mr. *Carys* Preſentation, until the *Lord Holles*'s *Secretary* ſhould return to *England*, when I doubted not to clear my ſelf of the imputation. Mr. *Cary* being preſented, I wrote to the *Biſhop* to entreat his Lordſhip to forbear inſtituting him, for that I was aſſured by good Counſel that my Title was good, and that I reſolved to defend it. His *Lordſhip* received my Letter very joyfully, and for a while denied Mr. *Cary* Inſtitution. But by ſome artifice two of my Friends were wrought upon to believe that his *Lordſhips* rejecting Mr. *Cary's* Preſentation, would highly redound to his *Lordſhips* injury by incenſing the *Lord Chancellor*, who hereby would be compelled to complain of the *Biſhop* to His *Majeſty* and the *Council-Table*. That the *Biſhop* would hereby incur His *Majeſties* Diſpleaſure, and be ſo far from promoting my intereſt, that he would render me utterly uncapable of future favour, which would be the conſequence of Submiſſion, and room made for it in my *Lord Chancellors* Breaſt by Friendly Mediation. This plauſibly told to theſe two Gentlemen, (whoſe Names I forbear to mention, in regard of the trouble which the diſcovered fraud gave them) and by Perſons free from injurious intentions, to whom it had been derived from many and different tempers, they readily deliver the ſame to the *Biſhop* as their perſwaſion, and his *Lordſhip* thinking it ſafeſt, and beſt conducing to the growth of my hopes, Inſtituted Mr. *Cary*. Half an hour had not paſt after his receiving Inſtitution e're a Letter to his *Lordſhip* from me was brought with the news, that I had proved the Qualification to be Signed and Sealed by the *Lord Holles*, and that Mr. *Lord Chancellor* would be aſſured thereof the next or ſecond day by the *Lord Holles*, who promiſed to make my *Lord Chancellor* a viſit on purpoſe to clear my innocence. The *Biſhop* was not more joyous at the removal of the *Lord Holles*'s miſapprehenſition, than afflicted with his laſt Act, and that he was induced to it before he conſulted me. But he could not recall what was done, therefore he adviſes whether there were yet no remedy left. To this he was anſwered, *That although no other* Patron, *might revoke his Preſentation after Inſtitution, yet the*

the King *might before Induction.* Whereupon his *Lordſhip* immediately diſpatcht an Order to the Churchwardens not to deliver to Mr. *Cary* the Keys of the *Church*, nor ſuffer him to be inducted. But this wrought no cure; for the before named *Thomas Warren* by Ladders, had put up a Boy upon the Roof of the *Church*, which Boy went in at the Steeple Window, and down by a Belrope into the *Church*, and opened a door which was only bolted within, and Mr. *Thomas Palmer* (ſo famous for his ſervice to the late *Parliament-General Blake*, for his holding the Church of *All Saints Briſtol*, which was the right of that Reverend, truly Loyal and Orthodox Mr. *George Williamſon* ejected thence by Sequeſtration, and no leſs notorious for his ſcandalous piecemeal Conformity in the *Churches*, wherein he hath been concerned ſince the Reſtauration of the *Church of England*, his private wheedling of Nonconformiſts, and publick reſiſtance of his *Dioceſan* in his charitable endeavours of Regulation) this Mr. *Palmer* was ready at the violation of the *Church*, and did induct Mr. *Cary*, and (if I may inoffenſively write what I only conjecture) probable reaſons prompt me to ſpeak him the principal Contriver. Mr. *Cary* thus got into Poſſeſſion, I that had nothing left wherewith to ſuſtain a neceſſitous life, muſt either quietly relinquiſh my right, or fooliſhly contend againſt one that fought me both with my own weapons, and thoſe of a rich and inſulting Party.

But now I muſt return to ſhew by what Providence the *Lord Holles* became convinced that there was no Forgery in this matter, unleſs in him or them who were guilty of framing the Accuſation. Waiting on a certain day upon Sir *John Baber*, (who was divers times pleaſed to treat me with the reſpects of a Kinſman, and was a Neighbour and intimate of that *Lords*) he adviſed me by no means to frequent the way through *Coven-Garden*, ſhould my buſineſs thereabout be never ſo urgent; for he underſtood that the *Lord Holles* would certainly take me up with a Warrant, and proſecute me to the Pillory for Forgery. I could not but be enraged hereat, and many ſuddain conceptions traverſing my mind without order, I nevertheleſs without much heſitation replyed to Sir. *John*, that my innocence would protect me, and did now render me fearleſs; that I would either preſently, or at the firſt opportunity of admittance ſhew my ſelf to his *Lordſhip* and (if he attempted or mentioned any ſuch thing) let him know how much I dared contemn the threatnings, and could glory in the ſufferings of further proceedings. Sir *John* blamed me as very ill adviſed, earneſtly diſſwading me from ſuch dangerous raſhneſs. His Counſel nevertheleſs had not prevalency, but I took my leave of him, and for ſome time walkt under the *Piazza* before his *Lordſhips* Door until I had digeſted ſome neceſſary conſiderations which then exerciſed my thoughts. While I was thus walking my Brother Mr. *Morgan Godwyn* a Perſon in Orders, and now *Vicar* of *Bulkington* in *Warwickſhire* paſt along, to whom I related Sir *Johns* words and my own reſolution. My Brother approving my intent, went with me to his *Lordſhip*, who was ſo far from menacing, that very complementally he deſired us to ſit and talkt very much like a good natured Gentleman, who would not willingly deſtroy a Pilcher or Sprat. In diſcourſe he chanced to uſe the name of Mr. *Newman*. Now I had formerly been to wait upon his *Lordſhip*, but miſſing him met with his *Secretary* and Mr. *Francis Melſam* before mentioned, with whom ſitting, as they talkt (though of matters not concerning me) twice or thrice they repeated the name of Mr. *Newman*. Which that I ſhould remember ſome years afterwards, moved me to the greater thankfulneſs to my *Gracious Preſerver*, in regard it ſurmounts my reaſon. But I (remembring it) had ſpent much time in enquiry about the *Court* and other places for Mr. *Newman*, although to no purpoſe. My fancy ſtedfaſtly perſwaded me that this Gentleman either knew what his *Lordſhip* had done, or could direct me to Mr. *Melſam*, which would be equivolent. After ſo much labour in vain his *Lordſhip* puts the diſcovery in order, which more juſtly and ingeniouſly he had never occaſioned. He ſpeaking of Mr. *Newman*, I ſoon told his *Lordſhip*, That I was confident that Mr. *Newman* knew the Hand and Seal of the Inſtrument to be his *Lordſhips* Act. *Doth Mr.* Newman (ſaith he) *know any thing of it? Well, Mr.* Godwyn, *I will ſend to ſpeak with him to morrow. But I cannot*

believe I did it, for although the Hand be very well counterfeited, yet I am assured that I never had such a Seal in my life time, but pray come again to morrow in the Evening, and I will tell you what Mr. Newman *saith.* I departed with this Order, but had not so much silly patience to wait until his *Lordships* Meanders and Intricacies should entangle the Gentleman. Therefore enquiring of his *Lordships* Porter we found his habitation to be in the *Palace Yard* at *Westminster*, the Gentleman to be a *Justice of the Peace*, and a *Barester* of the *Temple*. We first desired to know whether he had at any time heard of one Mr. *Thomas Godwyn* Vicar of St. *Philips* in *Bristol?* He answered, *Yes. Did you, Sir, ever hear that he was Chaplain to the* Lord Holles? He replied, *I know it. But pray, Gentlemen, why do you enquire this of me? Because* (as we answered) *it is made a doubt whether the* Lord Hollis *did ever qualifie him or not, it being reported that what he hath produced as his* Lordships *Act is meerly forged. It is* (saith he) *no such thing; I saw the* Lord Holles *Sign and Seal it at* Somerset House, *for the Secretary being sent about his* Lords *business, left it there with me, the Writing having three blanks, which I my self filled up; and when it was to be Sealed the Secretary having forgotten to leave the Seal, his* Lordship *askt my advice whether another Seal were not sufficient? upon my answer that it was, his* Lordship *borrowed his Son Sir* Francis Holles's *Seal, and therewith Sealed it. Moreover* (saith he) *by mistake the Instrument was penned as directed to* Thomas Godwyn *Vicar of St.* Peters, *and in regard of this error was remitted to be amended, which I saw done in my* Lords *Presence, and instead of St.* Peters *was inserted St.* Philip and Jacob. I then informed him that I was the Person, telling him likewise of my danger, and entreating him the trouble to certifie his *Lordship* with what he knew and had spoken. He presently performed it, his *Lordship* seeming to hear it with astonishment. But that which more astonisht me, was the borrowed posture of a concerned gravity, which he put on to cover the former denial; for it is most incredible that (Sir *Francis Holles's* years then considered) his *Lordship* knew not his Sons Seal, which he must have seen probably above one thousand, at least divers hundred times. His *Lordship* further pretended much sorrow, that he had wronged me by so unhappy a mistake, but although he conclnded himself surprized some way or other when he set his Hand to the Writing, yet seeing I had suffered thereby in my Reputation and Fortune, he would upon his *Honour* labour his utmost to redeem them, both with the *Lord Chancellor* and otherwise. I entreated a short Certificate of this from his *Lordship* to the *Lord Chancellor*; to which he replied, Mr. *Godwyn, I will readily do more than that, and will on purpose go to morrow to my* Lord Chancellor, *to testifie your integrity.* I desired his *Lordship* to excuse himself that trouble, a short Letter from him being as satisfactory to my *Lord Chancellor* as his oral testimony. But he answered, Mr. *Godwyn, suspect me not, I will upon my Honour speak to my* Lord Chancellor, *and set you upright in his esteem.* But here we have place to observe, that sometimes men are possest with very thin and soft thoughts of Honour, when their words make them seem impregnable against the temptations of vitious and malitious popularity. The *Lord* at the time promised came to my *Lord Chancellor*, but (as the following discourse will demonstrate) was so far from the least endeavour of wiping of the Stain, with which he discoloured me, that contraywise (thinking what was done already to be insignificantly regardless) such additions of Scandal and Notorious Debaucheries were delivered into my *Lord Chancellors* hand in a memorial (I would call it a Libell if a Noble Hand were not in some measure concerned in it) containing a whole sheet of Paper, written on both sides, that no wretched Criminal in *Newgate* could be laden with more. It was more than a year after e're I could learn from whose hand this Paper came; but when I knew it, no Act (except the thought of the Commission of any of those objected against me) could more seize me with horror. I came to Mr. *Thynne* (one of my *Lord Chancellors Secretaries*) very joyfully suspecting nothing of the Policy of the Upstart Vulgar in the Constitution of Nobility, to overwhelm the memory of past injuries by the accumulation of greater. Mr. *Thynne* producing this Paper, I desired of him, and presently after of Dr. *Sharp* to know who

was

was the Author, and what were the means of Juſtification, of which I was ſolicitous out of ſelf aſſurance, that no proof or probability of ſuch guilt could reſt upon me. They anſwered that they could not ſatisfie or direct me in either. At length walking in my *Lords* Gallery with the *Doctor* my great vexation turned to ſuddain laughter, which he ſeemed to behold with more trouble than he did my diſcontentedneſs, and deſires to know what might cauſe a change ſo ſuddain. I anſwered, it was the remembrance of a Dyſtich in *Hudibras*,

Thus Juſtice while it winks at Crimes,
Stumbles on Innocence ſometimes.

The *Doctor* demanded what I meant thereby; I anſwered, that it was one paſſage in that liſt of accuſations, and that I would (if he pleaſed) relate unto him a Peice of Impudence ſcarce to be parallel'd, yet nothing more ſignally accepted and rewarded. I ſhewed him the Article, deſiring him to hear what I had more to ſay.

On a certain evening in the Summer ſeaſon near eight of the Clock, Mr. *Cary* (now preſented by My. *Lord Chancellor* to St. *Philips* Vicaridge) with three Country Gentlemen, (who intended to take Horſe at the Lamb at *Lawfords Gate* near my Vicaridge Houſe) and a *Citizen* called upon me, deſiring me to accompany them to that Place and partake with them of a Glaſs of Sherry. I denied not, but after each mans Club of half a Pint, I paid my own and Mr. *Carys* ſhot, and returned home, and was in my Bed by one quarter after nine of the Clock at fartheſt. A merry vein took the reſt and held them there until ſix the next morning. The reſt retired to what Lodgings they could get; Mr. *Cary* only and the Citizen went home. I received from the lips of the Citizen and two of the Country-men at what high rates they had drank, and in what a trim they parted, they prefacing their ſtory with theſe words, *It's well you departed ſo ſoon.* I could ſpeak more plainly, but do not judge it requiſite. Only I add, That the Authors of the Libel knowing the time of our ingreſs into the Tavern, and the time of my departure, muſt neceſſarily know my departure home in ſeaſon, and conſequently my not being with the Company at their breaking up, and Mr. *Carys* being there till the laſt minute of the ſtay made by the reſt. Yet my reſervedneſs was traduced and puniſhed for idleneſs and intemperance, and Mr. *Carys* night Studies met with the recommendations of the *Saints*, the Patronage of a great *Lord*, and by their means a remarkable reward.

I do not think that the *Lord Holles* did himſelf frame that Paper of Articles; but whether in conſultation with the *Briſtol Agitants* he did not encourage it, I dare not againſt my opinion affirm. I only affirm his Promiſe beforementioned made to me upon his *Honour*, was either never, or at leaſt not at the time Promiſed performed. And I have great reaſon to think that he never intended the Performance. For Sir *John Baber*, ſome little while after telling me, that the *Lord Holles* would return me the Inſtrument, with what indorcement ſhould be neceſſary for the vindication of my repute among my Friends, (ſuch as might probably think amiſs of me, when fame was grounded upon ſo great authority) the *Lord* acknowledged that he did promiſe it to Sir *John*, but being then buſie will'd me to come again, and that he would look for it, and lay it aſide for me againſt my next coming. I confeſs I expected not performance, but had a deſire to make a through inſpection into the nature of a *five Member Man* changed. At my next and laſt coming his *Lordſhip* told me that he did make a promiſe to Sir *John Baber*, but through forgetfulneſs of the Promiſe, on a certain night being in a paſſion he burnt it, but truly was exceedingly ſorry for it. And this being the word of a *Lord* I was bound to believe it, although I ſhould otherwiſe have thought the ſorrow ſuch as needed the *Doctors* conſolation to his *groaning Board*.

I became apprehenſive what *Honor* and *Promiſes* were in the eſteem of them that had dared to lift up their hands againſt *Gods Sacred Vicegerent*, and was left to the remedy of Prayer for deliverance from all ſuch for the future. But

whither to betake my ſelf I knew not, having neither money nor imployment. Yet I had not long waited when the Reverend and my kind Friend Dr. *Woodroffe* took me down to *Shrivenham* in *Barkſhire* to officiate there as his Curate: Where for ſome months I lived very quietly and pleaſantly, having no *Phanatical* broyls, entangled with no Law Suits, nor peſtred with daily paſſing amidſt the throngs of ſcrewed faces diſtorted with hypocriſie, malice and the furies of ill Conſciences. But after ſome time ſpent there, my ſingular good *Lord* Dr. *Carleton Biſhop of Briſtol* procured me a ſmall Rectory of forty pound *per annum* called *Filton* within four miles of *Briſtol*, wiſhing me to be contented therewith until ſome better opportunity ſhewed it ſelf.

During the time of Mr. *Cary's* Poſſeſſion, divers Perſons learned in both the National and Canon Laws, adviſed me that St. *Philips* Vicaridge was not lapſed when Mr. *Cary* became pretender to it by that Title, but that by my accepting *Filton* it became void and would be lapſed. I therefore reſolved to take no notice of it (if others ſhould paſs it without obſervation) until it were lapſed into the *Biſhops* diſpoſal; at which time I readily received a Collation thereto from his *Lordſhip*, and upon the 10th day of *June*, in the year 76. (as I take it) was peaceably inducted into the *Church* by Mr. *Archdeacon Pleydel* before named, ſix *Veſtry men* (the *Church-wardens* being not at home) and ſome other ſubſtantial *Pariſhioners* being preſent. From the *Church* I went to the Vicaridge Houſe and took poſſeſſion thereof without the leaſt oppoſition, and after ſome time ſpent in it in diſcourſing I departed, firſt delivering the Keys of the *Church* and Houſe to the Pariſh Clerk in the ſight of the *Archdeacon* and of thoſe Veſtry men and Pariſhioners, who had accompanied me, to be kept for my uſe, and ſo went home to *Filton*. In the morning I returned, and at the uſual time began to read Divine Service, and proceeded therein unto almoſt the end of the ſecond Leſſon without any perſons gain-ſaying or motion to the contrary, except that Mr. *Cary*, while I was reading the *Seraphick Hymn*, went up into the Pulpit, and after ſome ſtay there, being beckoned to by his Brother *John Cary* (a factious buſie fellow) came down again, and with his Brother and *Thomas Warren* went forth of the *Church*, and in a ſhort ſpace returned with about ten more in company. Eight of theſe (Mr. *Thomas Cary* ſtanding by, bidding and encouraging them with promiſes of Indemnity) came to the Reading Desk, interrupting and requiring me to ceaſe Reading and come down. One took the *Bible*, another the *Service Book* from before me; others pluckt me by the right Arm, and ſome by the right Leg, and in ſo violent a manner drew me out of the Seat, that my right Leg was pulled down three ſteps the other remaining above by reaſon of ſomewhat in the way hindring its moving, and their haſty Fury allowing me no time to help my ſelf. By their ſo ſpreading me I was put to inexpreſſible torture, and am yet lame, and do doubt I ſhall continue ſo while I live. Having drawn me out, they pluckt off the Surplice, and tare my Gown, and ſet up their *Idol* in my place. This commotion began juſt at my reading the ſtoning of St. *Paul*, out of the 14th of the *Acts*, the ſecond Leſſon for that day being the Feſtival of St. *Barnabas*. I ſtayed in the *Church* until Mr. *Cary* had ended his Sermon; but when I was come into the *Church-yard*, the *Conſtables* (who it appeared were of the perſons, who dealt ſo barbarouſly with me) laid hands upon me to bring me before the *Mayor* for breaking the *Peace*, and cauſing a diſturbance and uproar in the *Church*. I told them that I would willingly go with them, for that I thought my Reading *Divine Service* could be no breach of *Peace* or cauſe of *Diſturbance*; but was rather of opinion that their Actions would be interpreted no leſs than riotous. Coming before Sir *Robert Cann* then *Mayor*, they began a grievous complaint, That I had kept Mr. *Cary* out of the *Reading Desk*, and had diſturbed the Congregation, and had beaten them being *Conſtables*, endeavouring to keep the *Peace*. When ſilence from their impertinent Falſities gave me liberty, I acquainted Sir *Robert* of my *Collation*, *Induction* and other *Acts* before related; and that I was no otherwiſe concerned with any Perſon than by performing the Requiſites of my Office according to the injunctions of the *Church*, until theſe men interrupted and laid violent hands upon me.

me. The *Mayor* told them, That whereas they had accuſed me, themſelves were the Offenders, requiring of them to appear the next morning at the *Toulzey*. Thither I came with Mr. *Pleydell* and ſuch Witneſſes as both ſaw my Induction on the *Saturday*, and mine and the others demeanor on the *Sunday*; and Mr. *Cary* came with his *Janizaries*. There were preſent on the Bench the *Mayor*, Sir *John Knight*, Alderman *Oliffe*, Alderman *Knight* and others; to whom giving an account of what had happened the preceding day, I deſired the Offenders might be puniſht and I reſtored (as I ought) to poſſeſſion of my *Church*. Sir *John* began to examine Mr. *Pleydell* by what Power he gave me Induction? who anſwered, by virtue of a Mandat from the *Biſhop* of the *Dioceſs*. Sir *John* deſired him to ſhew it, that themſelves and their Town Clerk reading it might judge whether it were ſufficient to enable him to do what he had done. That Mr. *Pleydell* anſwered, That as ſoon as he had by an indorſement certified his Act, he returned it me. Sir *John* very fiercely demanded it of me; to whoſe demand I replyed, That my buſineſs before them was not to examine the Legality of the Title, but the force and violent retaking poſſeſſion, and the Riot committed in a conſecrated Place, upon a Perſon exerciſed only in officiating in the *Church*; That Mr. *Pleydell* and ſo many other Witneſſes proving my peaceable Induction and Poſſeſſion, I ought to be reſtored, and that Mr. *Cary* had his remedy at Law if Inſtitution and Induction had been given me upon unjuſtifiable grounds. Mr. *Rumſey* the Town Clerk ſqueekt it for Law, That if I refuſed to ſhew my Title, Mr. *Cary* ought to be continued in Poſſeſſion, So ſaid Sir *John Knight*, and Alderman *John Knight*. The *Mayor* and Alderman *Oliffe* declared their Opinions, That my Poſſeſſion being no forcible Entry, but proved to be taken without oppoſition, I ought to be reinſtated in it, and that they were no competent Judges of the validity of mine and Mr. *Cary's* Titles, which muſt be left to a Superiour Deciſion. Mr. *Rumſey* continuing to deliver himſelf in the former Opinion, Sir *Robert Canne* perſiſted to declare his thoughts to be as before the ſame, and ſaid further to Mr. *Rumſey*, Mr. *Town Clark*, *You are by your Office to direct us what is Law, and if you miſguide us, as I very much ſuſpect you now do, look you to it.* Thus Malice, or Ignorance, or both prevailing againſt Juſtice and Reaſon, I was left to ſeek Redreſs where elſe I could find it, none to be obtained there. But to (to make a ſhew of Juſtice) on the *Wedneſday* following a *Jury* was impannelled (every perſon thereof being noted *Conventiclers*) to enquire of the *Force*; but no notice thereof was given me, nor Mr. *Pleydell*, nor any other concerned with me. This *Jury* readily brought in againſt me a Verdict of forcible Entry, and he who had twice made forcible Entry (firſt by putting a Boy by Ladders to go in at the *Church Steeple* to open the Doors, and ſecondly, by pulling me violently out of the Reading Place, was continued in Poſſeſſion.

But as to the Action in the *Church* I cauſed Mr. *Cary*, and as many more as I knew engaged in it, to be cited in the *Eccleſiaſtical Court*, and proſecuted upon the Statute of the 4th of K. *Edward* the 6th. This Proſecution was ſo managed, that notwithſtanding many arts uſed and delaying practiſes, Mr. *Cary* was forced to beg an agreement. Which he did firſt by Mr. *Horn*, a Reverend Prebendary of the Cathedral, coming to Mr. *Pleydells*, to entreat his interceſſion, whom Mr. *Cary* preſently followed into Mr. *Pleydells* Houſe, vouchſafing (although a Thing otherwiſe of moſt exalted Spirits) to deſire him to interpoſe between us, and prevail by a Reference to put an end to the difference. It was my hap to come thither a little ſpace before Mr. *Horn*. Mr. *Pleydell* telling him that I was in the Houſe, ſaid withal they ſhould have a ſpeedy Reſolve. The day before I received a letter, acquainting me that my *Lord Chancellor* had received ſatisfactory accounts of the injuries I ſuſtained by the *Lord Holles*, and his Nonconformiſt Clients, and had granted me a Preſentation to a Benefice in *Pembrokeſhire*, which was already paſt the Seal. This Letter put me upon Conſultation, whether it were beſt for me to prefer this, or my *Briſtol* Intereſt. In concluſion, my hopes of a more peaceable life in *Wales* than *Briſtol*, induced me to accept of an agreement, if ſuch were offered as would indifferently compenſate my Charges. But before any

thing done I judged it became me to receive my *Dioceſans* directions; who approving my conceptions, this Treaty of accord being offered I embraced it. Not as a Reference (which was very much urged) but if by propoſals and arguments on each ſide of the reaſonableneſs of them any accommodation could be wrought, I conſented to a meeting in the Evening at Mr. Alderman *Oliffe*'s Houſe in order to it. The four preſent were alone mentioned the perſons to meet; but when I came thither I found Mr. *Penwarden* Rector of St. *Stephens*, Mr. *Brent* of St. *Thomas*, and one Mr. *Fry* an ingenious Clergy-man, living in the City but not beneficed. Between the time of my promiſe to meet and our meeting, Mr. *Horn* had ſome conference with the *Biſhop* concerning it, and brought with him a Letter, wherein his *Lordſhip* adviſed me to accept fifty pounds, which he found Mr. *Horn* on Mr. *Cary*'s part inclined to give. It came open and had been ſeen by the Company before my coming; and Mr. *Horn* and Mr. *Cary* had offered forty five pounds. When I had read his *Lordſhips* advice, I was told what had been propoſed; to which I anſwered, That I ſhould not have accepted ſo ſmall a ſum as fifty pounds, if his *Lordſhip* had not thought fit that I ſhould accept it, I not being wont to call my *Biſhops* judgement in queſtion, eſpecially his, of whoſe very good affections towards me I was ſo well aſſured; but if that were paid our differences ſhould be at an end. Forty five was the moſt they offered; but I would abate nothing of fifty. At length Mr. *Brent* directing his diſcourſe to me in exhortations to Peace, I told him that I would refer the Cauſe to himſelf, if he pleaſed by but three minutes reflection to conſider it and make it his own caſe. The reſt of the Company perſwaded Mr. *Brent* to undertake the deciſion of this Matter, who in ſhort time (after a ſecond demand whether each of us would abide his Judgement) ordered Mr. *Cary* to pay me the full fifty pounds. On the other hand I was ordered the next *Court day* to withdraw my Suit commenced in the *Spiritual Court*; ſecondly, to give Mr. *Cary* a General Releaſe upon the payment of the mony; thirdly, to ſign, when tendred to me, ſuch a Writing as Counſel ſhould adviſe, whereby I ſhould be obliged, neither by my ſelf, nor any other perſons by my procurement to moleſt Mr. *Cary* for any Act or Thing done before the Sealing of it. I was herewith very well ſatisfied, and Mr. *Cary* ſeemed ſo much more, giving Mr. *Pleydell* and Mr. *Horn* (not only verbally but otherwiſe) great thanks for their pains taken in bringing us together, and to Mr. *Brent* the like for ending the Controverſie. Afterwards Mr. *Cary* and I ſhaking hands, and all animoſities laid aſide, Mr. *Cary* deſired of me forbearance of payment of forty pounds of the fifty, for that he was not at preſent furniſht with ſo much mony. I agreed to forbearance of thirty pounds if he gave me Bond and Security for that ſum, and paid me twenty pounds in the mean time. At length it was concluded between us (this being on a *Friday* Evening) that on *Munday* following he ſhould pay me twenty pounds by two of the Clock at the ſame Houſe, and there likewiſe give me Security for the remaining thirty. This being private diſcourſe when agreed upon, we related it to the Company; before whom alſo he deſired, as a kindneſs, my delivering to him my Books of Accounts, and what Papers I had relating to the Pariſh Tithes and Cuſtoms, which I promiſed. But when *Munday* came Mr. *Pleydell* and I appearing at the Place, and Mr. *Cary* after ſome ſtay beyond the time appointed, coming with his Brother *John Cary*, I began to diſcourſe him concerning our buſineſs, telling him that I had performed according to Mr. *Brents* Order what I was on my part to do, that is, I had in the preſence of his own *Proctor* withdrawn the *Cauſe*, and was ready to ſign the Releaſe and other Writing upon receit of the twenty pounds and Security for the reſt. He hereupon was no more the former Mr. *Cary*, who ſued to me by his Friends, and himſelf for an Agreement, and ſeemed as it were tranſported to another World upon the Compoſure, but began to deny Security, affirming that he would never have any man engaged for him, but if I would take his own Bond for payment within three years, that he would give. And this was all the ſatisfaction I have received to this day. Sir *John Knight* I imagine upon good grounds out of his inveterate malice to me, diſſwaded him from performance of his promiſe, whoſe counſel Mr. *Cary* finding himſelf out of

danger

danger by my withdrawing the Suit, did readily entertain, partly out of his own diſpoſition to integrity, partly in imitation of the pious Examples of the Parties, which ſet up and protected him.

This was done in *Auguſt*, but at the *Michaelmas* following I arreſted him upon the Contract, by an Action taken out of that which they call there the *Pye-Powder-Court*. My Attorney declaring on my behalf, a Rule being entred requiring their *Plea* by ſuch a time, it was not filed or delivered in divers Courts after the time limitted. Whereupon he being called in Court, and not appearing, Judgement ought to have been entred on my behalf. But contrariwiſe there was a juggle with the Clark of the Office (who was one of the Attorneys for the Defendant, a thing (I ſuppoſe) ſcarcely juſtifiable) and another Attorney pretending the *Plea* to have been brought into the Office in *Court* time, which ought to have been delivered, not only before that *Court* was called, but before three *Courts* preceding that. I required my Attorneys to take no notice of their *Plea*, but ſtrictly to proceed to Judgement and Execution. But the *Steward* of the *Court* refuſed to enter Judgement, and ordered a Jury to be Impanelled for the Trial of the Cauſe the next Morning. I intended to have kept to the advantage given me, reſolving to proſecute the *Steward* in caſe he ſhould continue partial; but being perſwaded that a Trial could not be my diſadvantage in a Cauſe ſo juſt and plain, I was prevailed with, eſpecially hearing the Names of the *Jury-men*, who in my Conſcience I eſteemed as honeſt. I confeſs I had alſo ſomewhat of experiment to try upon Mr. *Cary*, whether he could be conſtant to his lately imbibed Principles, and appear without bluſhing and aſtoniſhment, where ſuch Witneſſes as I had to produce ſhould on Oath publiſh the groſs turpitude of a Fact utterly inexcuſable. At the Trial Mr. *Horn*, Mr. *Pleydell*, and Mr. *Penwarden* proved exactly the three Conſiderations on which I had grounded my demand of fifty pounds; But Mr. *Brent* having been very ſickly ſome time before this Hearing proved the three, but withall added a fourth Conſideration, namely the delivery of my Books and Papers relating to the Pariſh, which as it was none of the Conſiderations, but an aftermade Promiſe upon requeſt, ſo neither was it declared for; yet it was proved that I had told Mr. *Cary* that I had brought them to ſuch a Place in *Briſtol*, where he ſhould receive them upon the payment of the mony. Nevertheleſs Mr. *Brents* teſtifying this as a Conſideration, I was Nonſuited and the Jury diſcharged. Whether this Knack was really matter of Law, I do not undertake to know; But the *Jury-men* and the reſt of the ſtanders by departed, declaring that they thought it impoſſible that Mr. *Cary* ſhould be guilty of ſo manifeſt a piece of Knavery as was now laid open. For, alas! they before eſteemed him as ſome Rarity of *Gods* more eſpecial Handywork, ſent thither by an eſpecial Providence. Nevertheleſs he altered not his Countenance, but (as the *Whore* that *Solomon* mentions *going away wiping her mouth*, and ſaying *ſhe had done no harm*, ſo) he gaining by them cared not by what brand his Actions were noted, and thought the ſhame would be worn out when the mony remained in his Pocket, knowing withall that he had multitudes ready to blanch his blackeſt deeds, eſpecially in any thing of concern againſt me.

If he had never deſired an agreement, I had meerly as in reſpect to the Preſentation to *Poulchrohan* in *Pembrokeſhire* been a Gainer more than the mony promiſed. The death of the *Biſhop* of *St. Davids* Dr. *Lucy*, and the late *Archbiſhop* Dr. *Shelden* ſoon after occaſioning unfortunate and chargeable journeys and attendance, with the forementioned Law Charges in endeavouring to recover the fifty pounds, cauſed me forty two pounds expence, beſides the charge of a Clergyman ſerving the Cure, and demanding unreaſonable rates (the Place and Country eſpecially conſidered) beſides the havock made of my Tithes in *Church-wardens* diſpoſing, and the ruine of the Parſonage Houſe by my Predeceſſors Widow, who did tear up and carry away the Boards and Timber of three Rooms entirely, and almoſt of a fourth, together with eight Doors of the Houſe, and divers Gates from off the Gleab Land, and other Waſtes and Inconveniencies.

Nevertheleſs at length I arrived at my Parſonage, where I met with Pariſhoners, who conſtantly frequented the *Church* and *Sacraments*, and among whom

was no ſort of *Diſſenter*, nor any that ſeemed inclined to defraud or give me any trouble in my Tithes or Dues. Their Conformity and peaceable Demeanour exceedingly gladded me: I began to overlook Fortune, and with diſdain to view her malignity, and to tell her that my proſpect of a quiet life in that remote *Angle* of the *Kingdom* was reparation for all her injuries, and ſtrongly conceited my ſelf baniſht out of the reach of misfortunes. But *Faction*, which ſearches the very Abiſſes of *Hell* for Weapons to furniſh its Armory, wherewith it dares attempt upon *Heaven*, exerciſed its Faculties, and ſent after me Executioners of my *Infant Tranquility*. I thought that the *Briſtol* mens Malice had ſatisfied it ſelf with a Luſty Revenge in my paſt loſſes and ſufferings. But nothing is more apparent than that *Oppreſſion* ſuſpecteth its own ſafety, if the *Oppreſſed* be not continually beaten down with freſh blows and addition of weights. The frequent Commerce between *Briſtol* men and the Inhabitants of *Milford Haven* (where I dwelt) gave them opportunity of enquiry by what Methods and Perſons further miſchief might take its rage. And the firſt that I have heard of was in large offers of Rewards to one Mr. *John Powel* Town Clark of *Pembroke* (within the Liberties of which *Corporation* my Parſonage Houſe ſtandeth) tempting him to the apprehending of me by the Town Wartants and Officers. I happened to fall into an intimacy of Acquaintance at my firſt coming into that Country with this Gentleman, whoſe near Kinſman, and my incomparably kind Friend *Nathaniel Powel* Eſquire lived in my Pariſh, at whoſe Houſe I often met him, and in meeting, by degrees arrived at the greateſt Familiarity. He from time to time gave me intimation of deſigns againſt me, and what Propoſals and Anſwers were made. Concealing our Friendſhip he heard the Invectives of thoſe men (for I knew them not) whom the Party at *Briſtol* had employed as Factors. After two or three Congreſſes he began more plainly to enquire into the nature of the Cauſes of Action, eſpecially upon hearing great Rewards offered. At laſt he ſhook them off finding no material ground for complaint, or any thing that could correſpond with thoſe motions ſo eager and high in the beginning: they ran on very largely in diſcourſes of my Debts, and that I was Knaviſh, and would pay no man; but upon examination had no Commiſſion from any of my Creditors to demand or ſue me for any ſum, and could produce nothing but trifling matters for Coſts recovered in three Suits for Tithes, wherein I could not proceed for want of mony after my ejectment out of St. *Philips*. Only before parting he aſſured them, wherever I was concerned in any juſt Debts, he was confident that I would carefully diſcharge them, time only being in reaſon allowed in regard of my new and chargeable ſettlement; But that if litigious cauſes of Action were framed, he would contribute his beſt advice and help in my defence, rather than ſuffer me to be ruined by ill practiſes. However they failed of Mr. *Powel*, they hit upon a ſurer inſtrument Mr. *William Skirm*, a ſort of perpetual *Underſheriff* of *Pembrokeſhire*, who by himſelf, Brothers, Relations or Clarks, ſeldom faileth of managing that Office at the rate he doth it. At the time of theſe men being in that Country Mr. *Thomas* Brother of *William Skirm* had the Name of *Underſheriff*, and knew his Employment ſomewhat better than his white Staff that he carried as the Signal of his Office. The *Briſtol Factors* had not ſo much Wit as Malice, but brought into *Pembrokeſhire* Writs for Coſts directed to the *Sheriffs* of *Gloceſterſhire* and *Briſtol*, which would no way ſerve the turn there. But *William Skirm* knew how to gratifie them, reſolving upon ſome preſent fetches until he ſhould be better furniſht with inſtructions from *Briſtol*. This I write as their own Confeſſion at *Caermarthen* in Company of one, whom they ſuſpected not to know or have any acquaintance with me; And further as being uncapable of provoking Mr. *Skirm*, (whom I had never ſeen, of whoſe name I had never before heard, neither dwelt nearer to him than fourteen miles, the Haven flowing betwixt) by any ſort of injury that may be pretended in his Defence, or any relating to him.

This firſt Project of *William Skirm*'s (for which the Aſſe his Brother as *Underſheriff* was a Cloak) was concerning a Bill of five pounds due to one Mr. *Daniel Lewis*. This *Lewis* had been aſſigned payment in Corn according to his own deſire, but whether by his own change of mind or being inveigled, in *July* giveth

me

me notice that he expected payment in Mony and not in Corn. Necessity compelling me to entreat his forbearance till *Michaelmas* following, with which request he departed seemingly very willing to comply. But upon the 29th day of *August* next following a Daughter of *Lewis*'s (and servant to *Essex Merrick* Esquire, suspected to be a principal Contriver with *Skirm*) came under pretence of discoursing me concerning her Fathers Debt. Presently after her entry, one belonging to me came and told me that there were Bayliffs near the House. The Door being shut, *Lewis*'s Daughter whilst I was looking out at Window, was busie in opening the Door, but was seen and prevented. The Cheif Bayliff *Henry David* knockt at the Door very furiously again and again, threatning to break it open, alledging that he had power so to do, attempting the same with a wooden Bar lying near the Dore. After these menaces he retired somewhat from the Door and made Proclamation, (I heard the Words and divers of my Family besides hearing, saw the postures) holding a large written Paper by the Corner. His Proclamation was, *Thomas Godwyn Clark, Rector of* Poulchrohan, *I require thee in the Kings Name to come forth and surrender thy Body to me, as the Sheriffs Baily, upon pain of Rebellion.* This he did thrice, and then came again to break open the Door, I threatning to shoot any Person that should offer to break open any Door of my House. In this manner he spent more than two hours, I in the mean time wondring how strange and different from those of other Countrys, were the ways of proceeding in *Pembrokeshire*. At length my Man Servant driving home a Cart-load of Corn, the *Bayliffs* ran to him and seized the Horses. After many words passing betixt them, *Henry David* striving to unharness them, they thrusting the Man side, and the Man them, said the Man, *My Master hath entrusted me with the Horses, and I will lose my life rather than part with them without my Masters Order.* This no sooner said, but he knockt down *David* with the But end of a Pitchfork, and after three or four dry blows drives the Cart to the place where it was to be unladen. *David* rising up again, came after him with a drawn Sword, at which my Servant exasperated, beat him more severely than before, and by accident struck some skin from off his Arm. Before this, during the time of his blustering about the House, I had sent to know what his business there was, with assurance of giving due satisfaction to the Law when I knew what it required; and to this I had no other answer, but that I must presently open my Doors, and surrender my Person to him. But at last, upon my Servants coming, he received what his behaviour demanded, and so departed. In returning he with *Lewis*'s Wife and Daughter (the rest were vanisht) went to my beforenamed worthy Friend Mr. *Nathaniel Powels* house to entreat some Cordial Water for this fainting Executioner of Mr. *Skirms* Laws. There he told a lamentable story, how the *Sheriff* sending him with an Execution issued forth of the County Court, *Daniel Lewis* Plaintiff, I and my Servant had beaten him and rescued the Horses taken in Execution. Mr. *John Powel* being present read the Execution, and the Bayliff having shewed his Wounds and Bruises went away. This Execution was taken out, no previous Attachment or Summons (one of the two being absolutely necessary) being served in order to a Legal Trial; neither had I heard any thing of a Law Suit with *Lewis*, or in the least suspected it. Moreover, the second of *September* following I cauled the *Cursitors Office* to be searcht whether any Writ of *Justicies* (without which the County Court could not sue for any Debt or Account above forty shillings) had been granted in this Case; which was certified not to be granted. But this my sawcines in examining Mr. *Skirms* actions, which were wont to be justifiable by his bare Will, made him excessively cholerick, and to my face to threaten me *That he would do my business.* Yet *Skirm* and one *Richard Owen* (a Soliciter in the County Court) thinking to Palliate the foulness of the Act, gave out that *David* had no Execution, but an Original Attachment to serve; all which appeared to be false, as well upon search into the proceedings of the Court, as Mr. *John Powell's* sight of the Execution.

But I must return to look after *Henry David*, who in the way home conducting the *She Setter* (Mr. *Lewis*'s Daughter) to her Master *Essex Merricks* House, the complaint was made to this Worshipful Mr. Justice, who immediately granted

forth his Warrant for apprehending me and my Man. The next morning (*August* 30.) the Constables took and brought me before this Gentleman, and one Mr. (*Thomas* I think to be his name) *LLoyd* of *Grove*, who required of me two Sureties for the Behaviour. I replying, that being a stranger in that Country I could not every where procure Sureties, but if they saw good to believe me, I wou'd (this being *Saturday* in the afternoon) certainly on *Munday* following bring them Security to Answer and Traverse whatsoever Indictment on any pretence should be brought into Court. I explained to them *Henry Davids* words and behaviour, and assured them that I was not near him, but kept my self within the House, and that he would send me no account wherefore he came thither, and that I had no cause (if he had told me his business) to submit to an Execution, in regard I had no notice to defend my Cause. Mr. *Merrick* answered, *We know him to be a great Rogue*, but he hath sworn against you, and you must either give good Bail or go to Prison. I thankt them for their respects to me as a Clergyman, in refusing me a Credit than which none is more usually given to inferiour Persons, especially in a matter of Complaint by so notorious a Rogue as they bespake him; and then the Constables guarded me to the Town of *Pembroke*. These Justices, and most men inhabiting the County had known this *Henry David* to have been divers times accused of Rapes, indicted and convicted of making arrests and seizures without Warrant or Cause, of arresting two Widows, and not allowing them time to procure Bayl, but carrying them into uncooth places, and there proposing to compound the pretended differences, and release them upon receiving satisfaction of his Lust. For these and other enormities the Judges had fined him, and commanded that he should no more be suffered to act as a *Bayliff*. But being so much the fitter instrument for Mr. *Skirm*, he was not in the least discontinued. And this is the Man, and this is the Cause, for which I must be disgracefully lead about by Constables from place to place, my word esteemed of no weight, and for which I had been presently carried to Prison too if Mr. *John Powell* had not heard of it and came to my help. This my Friend did not only come and voluntarily engage for my appearance, but having made some discoveries of it, openly taxt and proved Mr. *Merrick* to be, if not a manager, yet one that knew the contrivance. And to say truth, his carriage in this point only (without the suspition of things of a later date to be mentioned hereafter) are ground enough for me to believe the same.

If here in my discourse pretending to be bent against *Bristol* Nonconformists and their Agents, any seem to enquire what Mr. *Merrick* hath to do in it, my answer is, That although he hath obtained to be in *Commission for the Peace*, yet is so far from being overzealous in the Cause of the *King* and *Church*, that he is (like the late *Earl* of *Shaftsbury*) all *true Protestant*, and out of his jealousie of *Popery* creeping in the *Church*, knoweth how in his forms of Justice, Rates and Impositions to scandalize and discourage strict Conformity, and to wink at Conventicling Liberty. His Father was a Dependant upon that grand *Rebel* the *Earl* of *Essex*, who lead *Presbyterian Villany* into the Field armed, with intent at once to destroy and make Glorious their Great Master the best and kindest of men. The same *Earl* was this *Gentlemans Godfather*, whence the *Font* delivered him *Essex*; And how much a Favourer of those Factious Parties he hath been, those few true Royalists of the County, who dare speak, will inform the inquisitive. But besides, what hath been thus bred in the Bone, he hath also an inveterate hatred to *Englishmen* coming to plant in that Country; witness his many provocations of the Stout, Loyal and Discreet *Coll. Mordant*, who could have no rest until his Patience tired moved him to qualifie Mr. *Merricks* Gall by bleeding him in the Thigh; and witness his many Consultations how to ruine Mr. *Bartlet* (an eminent Merchant there) and others, whom he calleth the Strangers, who come thither to eat the Country mens Bread out of their Mouths. Add to his private dislike of these, my Crimes of Loyalty, Conformity and a remote derivation, his great intimacy with *William Skirm*; and this Question hath its Solution.

At the Assizes for the County held at *Haverfordwest*, and beginning *Sept.* the 1st I appeared, where I met with one Mr. *William Meare*, who taking me aside, desi-

red

red to know what was the Cauſe of the Clamour about *Henry David*. I related all to him as before; *but* (ſaith he) *'tis ſaid and affirmed that it will be ſworn by* Daniel Lewis's *Daughter, that you threatned to ſhoot him; truly* (I replied) *Sir, I called unto the Perſon, who threatned to break up my Houſe, forbiding him, and aſſuring him, That if he attempted it, I would ſhoot him. And would you have done it?* ſaith Mr. *Mear*; *Indeed I would if I could.* (I anſwered) *I would not have killed him, but if he had done any ſuch thing, without ſatisfying me by what Warrant he did it, I would have put ſome Peper in his Shins.* He ſmiled and went away; and (as I learnt afterward) was *Foreman* of the *Grand Jury*, before whom a Bill of Indictment being brought, and *Henry David* ſwearing *That after divers times threatning to ſhoot him, at length I and my Man had wounded and beaten him*; the Jurymen (as five of them together told me the ſame day) out of a deep ſenſe of *Davids* many wicked Actions and vile courſe of life, did all refuſe to find the Bill except Mr. *Meare*, who told them, That although their reaſons for rejecting the Bill were otherwiſe good, yet now they were to be laid aſide, for that he himſelf heard me ſay *I would have ſhot him if I could.* This his alledging part of truth prevailed with the reſt to find the Bill.

This Mr. *Meare* is alſo in *Commiſſion for the Peace*; but his ways of keeping the *Peace* are very uneaſie to many men, particularly to Mr. *Thomas LLoyd* (a meek tempered Gentleman) Rector of the Pariſh wherein Mr. *Meare* lives. But I need ſay no more of him; for there is ſcarce any Gentleman or Clergyman in the County but doth either fear or hate his Company. Mr. *Merricks* prejudices proceed from an old Leaven of Religion, Party and Extraction; But this Mans either out of a delight in trampling down and walking over ruines, or a deſire of augmenting his private fortunes by any of thoſe *means* which himſelf terms *honeſt*. The Scheme of his Religion is not yet finiſht, and it's feared is a Task too difficult to be compleated before his death. He is a man of ſuch impartiality, that when they lye in his way he ſpares not Neighbours more than Strangers, nor Strangers than Neighbours, but upon diſpleaſure they muſt all alike feel his Correction.

Beſides this Indictment, by *Skirms* adviſe *David* alſo ſued me in an *Action* of *Battery* and *Aſſault*; and I reſolved to ſtand the Traverſe of the one and Trial of the other; but was diſappointed by being arreſted in *Briſtol*, and forced to remove my ſelf up into the *Kings Bench Priſon*. Nevertheleſs I took due courſe for defence, but where Mr. *Skirm* is concerned due courſes ſeldom take place.

But while I was at the *Aſſizes*, having occaſion to go into the Shop of one Mr. *Hents* an *Apothecary* (who knew not me nor I him) as I ſate in it ſome time, I ſaw a man holding up his Arm in a ſtring to paſs to and fro through the Shop. Hearing him make ſome complaints to the *Apothecary*, and the *Apothecary* to call *Henry David*, I enquired of him what he was, and what was the matter with him. He anſwered, it is *Henry David* the Bayliff whom the Miniſter of *Poulchrohan* had grievouſly beaten and wounded. I deſired to ſpeak with him, and coming to me cringing and ſcraping with abundance of reſpect, upon requeſt he related to me the ſtory of his adventure, but with a mixture of notorious falſhoods, eſpecially of my laying hands upon him. When he had ended I demanded of him whether he knew me. He anſwered, *No, if it pleaſe your Worſhip* (I deſire to be pardoned in regard 'twas his very expreſſion) *I never ſaw your Worſhip before in my life.* Being twice more deſired to recollect himſelf, he ſtill affirmed that he neither knew me nor had ever ſeen me, but believed my Worſhip was one of the Reverend Prebendaries of St. *Davids* Cathedral. This was again and again repeated before the *Apothecary*, his Wife, his *Wives Mother*, and the Servant *Maid*. At length I diſcovered who I was, ſaying to the four ſtanders by, *Is not this a Prime Raſcal to ſwear againſt a man, whom he never knew nor ſaw? I am* Thomas Godwyn *Rector of Poulchrohan.* Upon which words, without a word retort, he ſhufled away. At the ſame *Aſſizes* Mrs. *Williams*, Wife to the *Vicar* of *Roſemarket* in *Pembrokeſhire*, made Oath before Sir *Francis Manley*, Chief Juſtice of that Circuit that this *Henry David* came and brake open her Houſe after nine of the Clock in the Evening, requiring ſubmiſſion to his lewd Offers, and

ſwearing he would lye with her before he went out of the Houſe, and after uſing violence with entreaty, ſhe chanced to thruſt him down backward over a Stool, and eſcaping out of the Houſe, was compelled to lye hid in the ſtanding Corn without Clothes for the ſpace of three hours, he in the mean time ſearching the Houſe, and round about the Houſe, ſwearing as before, and at his departure with horrid execrations vowing he would have her another time although now he miſſed. This poor Gentleman Mr. *Williams* being impriſoned for many years arrears of *Tenths* due before he became Incumbent, and the Houſe ſtanding ſolitary encouraged this Villain to this impudent attempt. And who now can doubt but that the eminent worth of *Henry David* was Mr. *Merricks*, Mr. *Meares* and Mr. *Skirms* Excitement to a generous vindication of his injuries, and the wounds given him by one, whom he never ſaw nor knew?

By this denial of his knowledge of me, and the Witneſſes of his behaviour at my Houſe, I thought my ſelf ſufficiently fortified for defence. But being detained in the *Kings Bench* ſomewhat longer than I conjectured, by the exorbitant demands of *Coling* the *Marſhall*, and my want of mony, I could not recover home before the Trial, but the Cauſe was loſt for want of defence, and twenty five pound odd ſhillings Execution taken out againſt me. And although I returned not home ſoon enough for a Trial, I timed my removal from the *Bench* to another *Priſon*, and on *Michaelmas* Day, immediately before Evening Prayers I was arreſted by one Mr. *William Morgan*, that year *Underſheriff*, or rather Mr. *Skirms* Deputy. I often deſired to know for what I was arreſted, but was denied, only was told I ſhould know ſoon enough, and ſo forthwith was carried to the *Haven* ſide to paſs over for *Haverford-Weſt*, where the County Priſon was. But at the *Haven* brinks *Morgan* ſurrendred me to three of his Bayliffs after he had, ſitting upon a Bank, written this *Warrant*.

> *To the Bayliff of the Hundred of* Caſtlemartin, *and the Bayliff of the Hundred of* Rooſe, *and to* William Philips, Thomas LLewellin *and* Henry——— *Bayliffs eſpecally appointed.*
>
> *By Virtue of a* Capias *to me directed out of the* Great Seſſions *for the County of* Pembroke, *theſe are to require you to apprehend the Body of* Thomas Godwyn Clerk, *and him in ſafe Cuſtody to keep and deliver to the* Goaler *of the County Priſon at* Haverford-Weſt, *until he ſhall be thence legally diſcharged.*
>
> Will. Morgan Vicecom. Deputat.

So that I was again to be apprended, who was before arreſted, no Plaintiff named, no Cauſe of Action mentioned. The *Bayliffs* who were my Guardians told me that I was taken in execution at *Henry Davids* Suit, and that the *Sheriff* would be with me on the Morrow; on the third day *Morgan* comes to me, I having been kept at the *Goalers* Houſe in the mean time. Then upon demand he told me as the *Bayliffs* before, and ordered me to be put into the Priſon. Within an hour and half afterward I was committed to a Room, the delicacies whereof I intending to recite, do at firſt take leave to raiſe the Readers Expectations. The entrance was well fenced with Locks and Chains, the Room well Boarded, and the Windows well Barred, but had never been Glazed. Bed or Bedſted there was none, neither Fire, nor Chair, nor Stool, or any kind of Seat except a Plank with three Legs, and that of an odious Houſe of Office, from which was no conveyance but into the Room beneath, which having not been cleanſed above eight years before, ſtunk beyond any thing to be named. Demanding

manding whether there was no other Room, the Goaler anſwered me, *yes*, but that that was appointed for me as the beſt. Asking further what I muſt lye upon, he pointed, *There's the Bed*, which was an heap of Duſt mixt with ſomething that only ſhewed it had been Straw, and (as it appeared) had been the recumbency of ſome poor Wretches my Predeceſſors in Adverſity. I required him to procure me ſome freſh Straw, he told me that he could not, but that the Bed was good enough, and that many an Honeſt Man had lain there without grudging. I offered to give a Shilling for two Peny worth, and pay the Carrier beſides; He told me I muſt be contented until *Munday* (this being on *Saturday* evening) and then I ſhould have ſome. No perſwaſions could prevail to the contrary; So I was forced to walk all night, excepting that when exceſſive wearineſs overtook me, I ſate on the low Tripod, and with my Back againſt the Stone Wall never Plaiſtered fell aſleep, till awakened again with the violence of the cold I aroſe to walking; and ſo by turns I paſſed the nights and one day. I hoped to have prevailed with my tender-hearted Governour on *Sunday* morning to furniſh my Chamber; but in vain. When eating time reqnited that exerceiſe, the loathſomeneſs of the Place made the thoughts of Meat loathſome alſo; but neceſſity compelling I beſpake it of an Inkeepers Wife dwelling oppoſite to the Priſon; but when brought the Goaler would not attend to open the Door, but it muſt be thruſt in at an hole in the Door, through which a Trencher or Plate could not be delivered. However on *Munday* I was proſperous, and tumbled in much clean Straw, and on *Tueſday* I had Bedcloathes ſent; (but the Keeper would not open the Door to receive them till two days after.) In time alſo I mitigated the ill ſents by ſnuffing up the wind blowing in at the holes called Windows, and by ſmelling to the Iron Bars in them.

In this condition I was the moſt part of three weeks. Some few times I got out by the Priviledge of Treating with my incomparable Adverſary. For being under Execution, I ſaw no hopes of deliverance but by compoſition. Therefore I procured ſome Friends to motion it and bring him to me. Not to the Priſon, for his Noſe would not brook it, but I was ſent for twice to an Alehouſe. In diſcourſe the firſt time he ſeemed inclined to take ten pounds, but made no poſitive agreement. But at his ſecond coming complained that Mr. *Skirm* and his Maſter *Margan* the *Sheriff* (as he called him) had heard of his being upon agreement with me, and threatned to turn him out of his Office if he agreed with me a peny beneath the full Execution. At the firſt hearing I imagined this to be a device to ſqueeze me harder, but I found the contrary, that he was willing to diſcharge me for ten pounds, but dared not, unleſs any way might be found whereby he might do it as if ignorant of the Law. This I ſaid he had done already (as I judged) by calling me, being in Execution at his Suit, out of the liberties of the Priſon, and even in another *County*; *Haverford-Weſt* being a *Town* and *County* of it ſelf. This I knew to be ſo in *England*, but knew not what was right in *Wales*, but I was confirmed that it was a Legal Diſcharge for the *Plaintiff*, *Sheriff* or *Coaler* to call or take a Priſoner charged in Execution out of the Liberties of the Priſon, to which he was Legally Committed, and that for the ſame he could not Legally be retaken or recommanded to Priſon. This advice I had from *William Philips* of *Haithock* Eſq; a *Juſtice of the Quorum*, and a very eminent Counſellor in that County, firſt by word of mouth to a friend of mine, afterward under his hand. In fine, I was invited to the Eating of a Leg of Pork and a Gooſe on *Sunday* the 17th of *October*, and in the morning the *Goaler* came to acquaint me, that *Henry David* deſired to ſpeak with me, that there was a good Dinner provided, *&c.* I delayed until I had Witneſſes, which being at laſt five in number to my liking, the *Goaler* renewing his requeſt, I went with him. After Dinner being very liberal in expences at the *Goalers* Houſe, I was permitted to ſtay out all night (reſolving nevertheleſs not to return to the Priſon without force) and all the next day until four of the Clock, when I eſpied an Horſe brought for me, and ſet in the Place which I appointed, and ſo rode home. But the next day in the evening Mr. *Morgan* with fourteen others came to enquire for me; but not finding me pretended to retire, but went to *Pembroke*, leaving his *Imps* in

convenient Places to beſiege me, and returned on the morrow with the *Power of the County*, forty ſix or fifty in number. For being at *Pembroke* he informed the *Mayor* and *Burgeſſes* of the Town that I had broken the Priſon and eſcaped, and Mr. *Eſſex Merrick* (allway forward in my concerns) as wiſeſt Burger and ableſt Lawyer, acquainted the Corporation that they ought to aſſiſt the Sheriff, and might juſtifie the breaking up any Houſe where they knew me to be, and take me. But I am adviſed (and it ſeemeth reaſonable) that the *Sheriff*, *Underſheriff* or *Goaler* ought to have ſworn before the Mayor that I brake the Priſon; which none could, and the *Underſheriff* going in to view the Priſon before he ſet forward from *Haverford* with his Company, himſelf ſaid to the *Goaler* (who probably told him ſo) *I ſee no ſign of any place or thing broken*; this in the the hearing of divers Witneſſes (whom if occaſion ſerved) I can produce. But without much conſultation the *Mayor* (*Matthew Bowen* by name, a Perſon actually in Arms for ſeveral years againſt *King Charles* the firſt) commanded the Townſmen to follow him with what Armes they had ready. So they came with Muſquets, Piſtols, Swords, Pikes and Bills; and (I muſt confeſs) I reſolved upon defence and rather to dye in the midſt of a Lawleſs Rabble, then without any juſt Cauſe or Lawful Grounds to ſurrender my ſelf to Execution, my death ſeeming inevitable if I ſhould be carried back to that Priſon, whence the very Plaintiff could not releaſe me without the Conſent of a bitterly engaged enemy. The firſt Aggreſſors and Enterers muſt certainly have fallen, had not I been told that the *Mayor* of *Pembroke* was at the Door deſiring to ſpeak with me. I opened not the Door, but diſcourſt as we ſtood, I within and he without. He told me his Name and Character, and I knew his voyce. He deſired me to ceaſe threatning (I having before affirmed that I would kill the firſt Breakers up and Enterers of my Houſe) and to deliver my ſelf to the *Sheriff*. On the other hand I required him as the *Kings Lieutenant and Juſtice of the Peace* to ſee the *Peace* kept, telling him, that before his appearance, I thought my ſelf bound to preſerve my ſelf in my own Houſe as well as I could, but now left my ſelf to him for Protection, whom I ſhould thank for doing his duty, and queſtion for the breach of it. But this wrought nothing; *Morgan* with his own hands, and others uſing Iron Barrs and Sledges brake down the Door, took me and carried me to *Pembroke* that night in the midſt of that *Black Guard*. Being brought into my Chamber there (notwithſtanding ſo many *Bayliffs* and others commanded to attend as upon ſome dangerous Malefactor) my Arms were bound behind me with Cords till bedtime. Then *Morgan* came to ſee me put into my Bed, where I was forced to lye on my Back, and my Arms being extended to be bound, and each Arm bound to a Poſt at the Beds Head. My right Arm being ſomewhat lame, I deſired that they would take what courſe they pleaſed to ſecure a Perſon ſo ſuſpicious as they ſeemed to think me, and make the knot as faſt as they pleaſed, but not to tye it ſo ſtraitly upon that Arm becauſe infirm. *Is that Arm Lame* (ſaid *Morgan*) *then*, *Goaler*, *bind it the harder*, which he did, and in that poſture and condition I lay all that night, my Arm aking ſome part of the time, but ceaſing after midnight (being then benummed) and in my Chamber a dozen of the *Underſheriffs* Beardogs ſmoaking traſh Tobacco, and playing at Tables all night. In the morning when I was unbound, my right Arm hung down by my Side as dead; I could not move Finger or Arm. But my Arms were immediately again bound behind me in order to my Journey to Priſon, and I deſiring that if I muſt be thus dealt with, I might be nevertheleſs ſo bound, as that my Riding Coat might cover the Cords; *Morgan* anſwered, *You ſhall have nothing that you deſire.* A quarter of an hour after *Morgan* calls, *What is not that fellow yet gone? Tye him to an Horſe Tayl, and drag him along.* During the time of the riotous diſturbance, of my being in the way to *Pembroke* and in the Town I gave no diſreſpective or angry word to *Morgan* or *Bowen* (who had a grand Copper Noſe, which might receive the *Solemn League and Covenant* into its Receſſes) but ſpent my time as merrily as if a Comedy were acting, taking only the liberty to make ſome jocote Remarques upon the *Underſheriffs* knowledge of his Office, and Mr. *Bowens* doing of Juſtice. Nothing otherwiſe until the morning

ing; but when I ſaw my arm in that plight, I confeſs I could not contain my ſelf, but cryed *This Horrid Dog the Underſheriff hath undone me; I have loſt the uſe of my Writing hand.* Away they led me, and I complaining for want of a Horſe, the Goaler anſwered that there was an Horſe provided for me the laſt night, but that my jeering the *Sheriff* had cauſed him to contradict it; for he ſaith (quoth the Goaler) that *ſeeing you are ſo merry, he will take down your mirth.* I went along, but a Servant of one Mr. *William Holcomb* (Son in Law to Mr. *Meare*) pretended to lead me by my left Arm pinching me all the way that he went. At ſomething more than three miles end I fainted through want of ſleep, wearineſs and ſo many groſs abuſes, and not much uſing walking. Then was I ſet on Horſeback, and after a little time recovering, began merrily to reflect upon the great ſtate I rode in, to have ſo worthy a Gentleman as Mr. Goaler to lead my Horſe. This affronted the honeſt man, and he knowing the Saddle would turn round, being too big, for the Horſe being very ſmall, had a preſent revenge in his thoughts; for he lead the Horſe out of the way up and down banks, till the Saddle turning caſt me down. This was done twice, and I attribute it much to *Divine Providence* that I eſcaped with little harm, ſeeing my Arms bound rendred me helpleſs. My Leader and Guides were very ſportive at my Falls, and their lifting me up again, ſaying, that they muſt laugh as well as I. As I paſſed thus along in State we met many Perſons of Quality in a Company going to a Wedding, who expreſt their indignation of ſuch uſage of a Clergyman, Mr. *William Bowen* of *Haverford* particularly affirming that he could not brook the ſight, but would cut the Cords, wherewith I was bound. I thanked and entreated him to forbear in regard the Perſons, in whoſe Cuſtody I was, were ill men, that valued neither Credit nor Conſcience, but would Swear any thing, and might do him a great injury, but that his intended kindneſs could not be very beneficial to me, and thus perſwaded him to ride forward, hoping that afterward he might do ſomething for me more eminently beneficial. I was alſo led forward, and entring *Haverford* was brought through a conſiderable part of the Town unto the Priſon, multitudes gazing and admiringly enquiring whether I had ſpoken Treaſon, or what was the matter? Being conveighed into my Old Lodgings my Arms were freed from their Bonds, but my Legs were put into Irons; not ſuch as ordinary Malefactors for Burglary or the like are wont to be obliged to, with which they can make a ſhift to walk, but an Iron on each Leg, through both which an heavy Bolt was thruſt and faſtned with a Riveted Key. It was ſuch that it permitted me not to put one foot an inch before the other, neither to lye down or riſe without the help of two men, the one holding my ſhoulders the other my feet. Theſe two men were Priſoners but had ſome liberty before, but were committed with me for affirming to the *Underſheriff* that I had not broken Priſon, and other truths concerning my being called out of the Priſon. The coldneſs of theſe Irons in two days put me into a Fever, and my Feet and Legs exceedingly ſwelled each day more and more, ſo that at four days end thoſe encompaſſing my Legs could ſcarce be diſcerned. The ſixth day I laboured under a general indiſpoſition, and having not before complained, I then ſaid to my two Friends, *Two days more wearing theſe things will inevitably kill me.* Whereupon they made an out-cry, and one of them (*Samuel Roberts*) procured a Meſſenger to call to me one Mr. *Thomas Lloyd*, a very friendly Perſon, and frequent viſiter of me. He came as he had been wont to the Door (for the Goaler would not trouble himſelf to let any in unto me, unleſs ſuch as happened to be there when it was his pleaſure to enter himſelf) and being informed of my condition, acquainted others with it, who came to the Goaler adviſing him to take off the Irons, for the wearing of them would certainly ſoon diſpatch me out of this life, which happening, he, his Maſter, and as many as were concerned in putting them on, would certainly be hanged. The fear of a Rope brought him to compliance; but when he had unrivited the Key of the Bolt, the Irons which encompaſſed my Legs could not be taken off without much pain and bruiſing me. Nevertheleſs when it was done I was revived, and three days after a violent diſtemper ſeiſed me, not to my injury, but ſalutiferous by the Strength of Nature; and in a fortnight I was indiffe-

 rently

rently (through *Gods* great bleſſing) well recovered. But then (juſt at the Fortnights end) came Mr. Goaler, telling me that I muſt again put on my cold Irons, that he had taken them off without the *Sheriffs* knowledge, and had been ſharply checkt for ſo doing, and commanded to put them on again. He had brought with him one *Thomas Morgan* (the Underſheriffs Kinſman) and two more to compell me in caſe of reſiſtance. I and my two fellow Priſoners demanded for what reaſon this was offered ? Whether I had not behaved my ſelf quietly in word and deed ? He anſwered, That he could ſay nothing to the contrary, but it was the *Sheriffs* pleaſure and he muſt obey it. I refuſed to receive them, and reſiſted as well as I could ; but they were too hard for me, and threw me down ; and *Morgan* beat my head againſt a rough ſtone, (which was ſet at my Beds feet, to keep the *Welch Feathers* of my *Bed* within bounds) and brake it in five places. The noiſe drew many Spectators, and the fame of the cruel uſage of the ſtrange *Miniſter* that was in Priſon flew ſwiftly about the *Town*, and fortuned to meet Mr. *Robert Chambers Collector* of the *Cuſtom-Houſe*, and Mr. *William Bowen* before named and certain others, who ſought the *Underſheriff*, and with ſevere menaces obliged him to promiſe himſelf to ſee me forthwith delivered from my Irons, moreover aſſuring him that an account muſt be given for what I had ſuſtained in the cauſe of ſo baſe a Perſon, his harſh dealing not only exceeding what was impoſed upon any Priſoners for juſt debts and far greater ſums, but even the ſeverity uſed to the worſt of Criminals committed in their memory, naming particularly *William Philips* the Bayliff, who was at the taking me upon *Michaelmas* day. I was committed to them between four and five of the Clock in the Afternoon ; and about eleven at night the Chain Chimes at the Priſon Door going, gave us matter of wonder, what the matter was. And the ſight of *Morgan*, the Goaler and three more coming in made the Wonder the greater. He began (but ſomewhat ſmoothly) to blame my former Eſcape and Biting jeſts uſed towards him, which were the cauſe of the hardſhips I had endured ; I only nodded my Head ſaying, *Well enough, what next ? If you will* (ſaid he) *promiſe me not to break Priſon, but to be quiet and orderly your Irons ſhall be taken off. As you know* (I replied) *what occaſion you have to ask ſuch a queſtion, ſo I will promiſe nothing elſe then* (as I did before) *to be gone as ſoon as lawfully I can , and not otherwiſe.* He anſwered, *You did not go away lawfully, for although* Henry David *and the Goaler might call you out of the Priſon, and you go away thinking your ſelf diſcharged, yet I had in my hands a* Capias ad ſatisfaciendum *againſt you for the* Kings *Firſt Fruits. This is* (I ſaid) *the firſt time I have heard it ; but the Goaler had no Warrant from you to detain me upon this Cauſe. No,* (he anſwered) *it was ſufficient in my hands. And was it warrant enough for you to ſwear* (for then I heard ſo, though ſince told to the contrary) *that I brake Priſon, for you riotouſly to break open my Houſe, to bind and Iron me as you have done ? Well Sir,* (ſaid *Morgan*) *I hope you will be an orderly Priſoner. Goaler, take off the Irons.* So once more my Legs were free from Cuffs. *But,* Mr. *Underſheriff* (ſaid I) *you muſt take care to ſend ſome body to cure my Head,* ſhewing him and the Company where it was broken. He anſwered, that *they were rude abuſive fellows in ſo doing, he did not allow them ſo to do* ; and then roſe up and departed. Not long after *Morgan* was acquitted of his employ, and *William Skirm* ſucceeded, not by a Deputy but himſelf. And to him (I continuing in that joyous Place) about the end of *January* came a Writ of *Habeas Corpus* to remove me up to the *Kings Bench.* Upon the 28th of *January* in the Evening *Skirm* gave me notice to provide for my Journey againſt *Tueſday* morning, the then 31ſt of *January.* I ſent home for Boots, a Riding Coat, and neceſſaries for my Journey to be brought to me on the *Munday* ; but *Skirm* with an unaccountable malice (unleſs my Death was his Project) horſt me early the *Munday* morning, that my Journey might be the more remarkable upon the day of my Admired *Sovereigns Martyrdom*, in order to my execution. My Journey was (the way that my Keepers brought me) two hundred and threeſcore meaſured miles at leaſt. I had no more on my Legs than one pair of ſingle Stockins, neither any covering more then what I uſually wore within the Houſe, nor any mony, my ſervants journey to me with that ſupply conſtantly on *Sundays* being ſtopt

by

by my appointment for *Munday*. Thus I rode the first days journey to *Caermarthen*, where (having met with a Friend who lent me twenty shillings) I purchased a *Freize Coat* and *Boots of the same*. The Taylor sitting up all night to dispatch, had not finisht them by the time my Keepers were ready to mount me. They urged me to be gone, swearing they would not stay; but I being in a Friends House refused to travel farther without Cloaths. Neither was the stay which caused the controversie above half an hour. But I should first have related their carriage towards me at my going to Bed. When they had seen me lain down, the Keepers (one being *John* the Brother of *William Skirm*) took away my *Cloathes*, and even my *Shoos*, *Stockins* and *Hat* and lockt me into the Chamber. The same they did at every Inn, at which I lodged on the Road, the journey being seven days. At *Caermarthen* I had a Fire in my Chamber, commanding it as known in the House; but every night following, being unacquainted on the Road, in which I never before travelled, these *Downy Gentlemen* permitting me to sit by the fire in their Chamber during their pleasure; when they thought it Bed-time, I was taken by the shoulders and thrust into a Cold Room, and then stript and lockt in, no respect had to the weather, (which was extremity of Snow every day but the first) nor to my pickled condition, riding on a low Horse through ways so deep, that my feet did frequently, even for miles together hang in the dirt and water, I being tired with holding them up to avoid it. Upon *Sunday* the fifth of *February* between four and five of the Clock in the afternnon I was conducted to the *Three Cups Inn* in *Holborn* and there detained until the *Saturday* following, no perswasion prevailing with them to bring me into Court or before a Judge, nor any reason but their pleasure shewn. There my usage was of the same nature, but worse; for they each night compelled me to go to Bed before seven of the Clock (stript and lockt up as before) that they might take the opportunity of loose Rambles, and then lying late in Bed in the morning by reason of the Evenings Debauchery, I must lye still, let what importunities soever require my rising. *Skirm*, when I demanded the reason of such dealing, would swear they would not leave the Company of those Brave Wenches, whose Company they enjoyed the last night, for to humour a pitiful *Parson*. Seeing they did not (as they term it) turn me over on *Munday*, upon *Teusday* I wrote Letters to three Friends to come to me, but being about to Seal them, *Skirm* demanded the sight of them, which being denied him, he took away the Candle, and Pen and Ink to hinder my Sealing and Subscribing them, telling me that I should not be permitted to send any where any Letter of which he had not first the Reading. Neither found I any opportunity of Writing until *Thursday*, when my *Bayliffs* bringing me to the Tap-house Fire fell to Cards, and a Coachman (sometime before a Servant to the *Right Reverend* the now *Bishop* of *Chichester*, coming in and knowing me, conveighed to me Pen, Ink and Paper, and while the two *Honest Men* were busie, I wrote a Letter to my *Brother*, which the Coachman delivered. The day following at Even my *Brother* came, whom they lockt into a Chamber with me, promising to return at our call, which we said would be within one quarter of an hour; but when we called, the Chamberlain came to the door and told us that *Skirm* and *Smith* were gone abroad with the Key. After some stay in a vain expectation of their return, I forced open the Door, and my Brother departing, I went down and sate by a fire until their coming. But then *Skirm* was filled with great wrath, and with Dammees and other Execrations askt *how I dared to open the Door?* and *would I never leave those tricks of breaking Prison?* with other such Language mixt with Threatnings. But the next day I was brought into *Court* and turned over a Prisoner to the *Kings Bench Prison*. The pretence for taking away my Cloaths at night was, that they feared I would make an escape. Whether that was a legal way of securing me, I refer to better Judgements. But that they could not fear any such thing after my coming to *London*, is manifest by these reasons. On *Sunday*, the last day of our Journey *Smith* exchanged Horses with me, I being not able any longer to ride the Jade on which they mounted me. *Skirm* staying behind divers times talking with Travellers, and *Smith* also sometimes, I rode before and missing them waited their coming up.

They alſo knew that I very well underſtood the Road (leading from *Oxford*) which we travelled that day, and that I as well underſtood that they knew it not; in all which reſpects my eſcape (had I been inclined to it) would have been without difficulty. Likewiſe at the Inn in *Holborn* (as I ſhewed them after three nights lodging there upon diſcourſe of their misbehaviour) an eſcape was eaſie; For the Window having a large folding Caſement, and the Chamber being butone pair of Stairs high, I could have let my ſelf down by the Sheets tied one to another, and covered my ſelf with a Blanket until I had come to the Houſe of an Aquaintance, of whom I had many in the Neighbourhood and in *Grayes Inn*. When they lockt me into my Chamber (as they did often) in the day time, when a rambling humour poſſeſt them, I might (as well as when I did it for my Brother) have opened the Door and eſcapt without any ones obſervation. None of the Houſe ſaw my Brother or me come down, or him departing; which was a full conviction that I might have given them the ſlip, if I pleaſed. So that the pretence was utterly groundleſs; but miſchievous men as they delight in ill doing, ſo would they nevertheleſs be eſteemed righteous and inoffenſive; the repute is grateful, although nothing more diſliketh them than deſerving it. But to look ſomewhat back upon the penalties inflicted on me for my pretended Breach of the Priſon; (then which nothing is more notoriouſly known to be falſe) had it been real, the vileneſs of the Priſon and Cauſe under which I laboured, and the odious naſtineſs and condition of the Place conſidered, might in the eſteem of men but indifferently addicted to humanity, have excuſed the Act and mitigated the Rigor, eſpecially towards a *Clergyman*. But, alas, this was my fault, (as I too much fear) this tied the *Bonds* and revetted the *Irons*, this led me through all the dances of Ignominy. Again, had I not been aſſured by learned Counſel confirming what experience had taught me, that the Goalers and Plaintiffs calling me out of the Priſon was a ſufficient Diſcharge from the Execution, can any man believe that I would publickly and directly go Home and continue at my own Houſe, and not rather have gone out of the way until I had made a Compoſition? Any man of common underſtanding would have avoided errors, which muſt have been of ſuch unlucky conſequence.

All the time of my Confinement in the *Kings Bench*, and before in the Country, I was rated to the Poor beyond any Perſon in the Pariſh, notwithſtanding all that I had in the Pariſh was ſeized in Execution (for juſt Debts indeed but illegally taken) and my Perſon in Durance at the ſame time under very hard Circumſtances. And both then and ſince I have been compelled to produce in the *Feild* two *Muſquet Arms* for the *Malitia* of the *County*; whereas the utmoſt Farm of my *Parſonage* paid to my *Predeceſſor* was fifty ſeven pounds yearly Rent, the Reparation of the Chancel and a large Parſonage Houſe, Firſt Fruits and Tenths to the *King*, Charges at Viſitations and other payments being all payable out of thoſe fifty ſeven pounds. Nor is any Incumbent in the County, whoſe benefice is worth twenty or thirty pounds more than mine, charged with more than one *Foot Arms*. Yet without reſpect to Impriſonment, Seizures in Execution of my Goods, the annual Charge of the *Rectory*, and the ſmallneſs of the value, Diſtreſſes have been divers times levied (particularly in *June* laſt one of five pounds) for fines laid upon me for non Appearance. All which things were done by Inſtigation of Mr. *Eſſex Merrick*, (as I am well informed) and Diſtreſſes taken upon any ones Cattle, which were upon the Ground, although it was ſufficiently known, that I had nothing left to be ſeized.

Being freed from my Impriſonment in the *Bench* and returning home in *April* 83. the loſs of my Worthy Pariſhioner and Friend Mr. *Nathaniel Powel* (though before known, yet then) became to me more ſenſibly an affliction, eſpecially becauſe his Death was ſhortly followed by his Eldeſt *Daughters* (having left no *Son*) marriage with the before mentioned Mr. *Lloyd* of *Grove* his *Son*, a *Gentleman* who with an affected and artificial (but eaſily diſcerned) ſmoothneſs laboureth to cover whatſoever can be imagined to be couch'd in an ill natured, malitious and covetous Boſome. Being allied to and intimate with *William Skirm*, and daily converſant with Mr. *Merick*, his inclinations cannot be ſuppoſed to receive diſincouragement

ragement from them. But before my coming down, or any acquaintance with him, he began to ſhew what I muſt expect of him for the future; but above all with a moſt unmanly Diſingenuity practiſed diſſention between me and a very near Friend. Nevertheleſs at my firſt acquaintance I refrained from making that ground of variance, which was either matter of ſuſpition, or at moſt only ſuch noted Injuries, as were but the ſlips of an unguarded Tongue, and a raw Judgement, which I might charitably think to be impoſed upon. And although in making up certain accounts between us I found ſome foul practiſes, yet thoſe I interpreted to proceed from the ill information of Servants, who had no other way of creeping into a Maſters Favour, but at the paſſages of an abuſed Ear. And ſo hoping (after I had aſcertained the truth of my accounts) by yeilding and receding from my Right at the beginning to purchaſe a laſting good Neighbourhood, he obtained in a manner his own deſires. But to me (and will be ever to thoſe who treaſure up hopes in veſſels made of ill-ſeaſoned Timber) theſe conceſſions were alway unfortunate. Although I had been often wont to ſay, that *Good Men would not offer their Miniſter leſs than his Right*, and that *Bad Men are ſo far from being won by his connivance that by it they become daily worſe and worſe*; yet I fooliſhly tranſgreſſed thoſe bounds, within the compaſs of which my Obſervation had preſcribed me walks. My *Tithes* of *Hey*, *Wooll* and other ſorts of *Privy Tithes* he ſet out in what meaſure he pleaſed, not allowing me or my Servants to ſee whether there were a fair Diviſion. My *Tithe Corn* was, ſome manifeſtly diſcovered to be falſly ſet out; ſome devoured with Swine and other Cattle after Tithing, He, his Wife and Servants ſeeing the Waſte without driving, or commanding the Cattle to be driven away; otherſome was clean devoured after Reaping before Binding, and (forſooth) becauſe many Loads of Corn were ſo eaten, I muſt have the Straw, which was left, ſet out for *Tithes*. Divets in thoſe Parts have an ill ſort of Husbandry permitting ſuch waſte, and accounting that no damage, that is ſuſtained by their own Cattle. This received opinion that their loſs would be ſmall, but mine thereby total, encouraged him to this malitious Project. His Servants frequently entred my Houſe without knocking at the Door, even after Prohibition, and threw into it Tithes, which had been rejected as unduly ſet forth in reſpect to both their quality and quantity. Neither was Mr. *Lloyd* contented to be vexatious alone, but encouraged the reſt of my Pariſhoners to the like, although two only imitated him, the reſt approving the reaſonableneſs of mine or my Servants ſeeing my Dues paid in Wait and Meaſure, as their nature required. But to conclude my Diſcourſe of this Gentleman, in *October* laſt three of his Servants bringing Tithe *Wooll* in ſuch manner as is before mentioned, the Sheep having been ſhorn a fortnight before, I denied to receive it. The Servants were very rude in behaviour and language, in which I ſince underſtand them to be forward by their Maſters inſtructions, hoping to provoke me to Paſſion, Of which notwithſtanding they failed, yet ſomething ſaid by me was managed to ſome degree of Revenge, although ſhort of expectation. Their undecent words and geſtures extorted from this queſtion; *Do you thus ſpeak and act by your Maſters Order?* To them anſwering, *Yes*, I replied, *then your Maſter is a Knave and a Coxcomb*. Mr. *Merrick* and Mr. *Lloyd* conſulting how to puniſh ſo great an Enormity, concluded it required ſecurity for the *Good Behavior*, and appearance at the next *Quarter Seſſions* to anſwer to an *Indictment*. Hereupon Mr. *Merrick* iſſued forth a very ſtrict Warrant againſt me, and I being apprehended before eight of the Clock in the morning, was carried about from place to place, and detained in the Conſtables cuſtody until paſt nine at night before I could be diſcharged. But there was a farther deſign than thus barely to render me a ridiculous Subject of the Vulgars Char, which had taken effect, had not the *Chief Conſtable* after his apprehending me received information, that upon my arrival at *Pembroke* the Underſheriff was ready to arreſt me; which he honeſtly and kindly avoided bringing me before another *Juſtice* (as ſoon as I had gotten ſecurity) and not before Mr. *Merrick*.

How juſtifiable Mr. *Merrick*'s Warrant was, and the following dedainer of my Perſon I undertake not to determine, but think what was done to be ſo unuſual, that in all the travels of his Brains to furniſh his empty Rooms, he never met

with a Preſident for it. Mr. *Lloyd* was no way by Birth or Office raiſed ſo high as to be in danger of ſuffering diminution by ſo ſlight a Character; nor doth his ingenious virtue exempt him (if there were ſuch danger) from ſeverer ſufferings in moſt mens in thoſe Parts (who know him) daily diſcourſes. If I exceed the Rules of Modeſty, Mr. *Merrick* (whom I believe to know it) will juſtifie my forced aſſertion, That Mr. *Lloyd* is inferiour to any Apology he can pretend to make for himſelf as injured, if either his Birth, Education, or (what moſt ſignaliſeth a Gentleman) Honeſty be reſpected. And my further Appeal to Mr. *Merrick* enquireth, *What* would have become of himſelf ſome time ſince, if words of an higher nature and conſequence uttered by him againſt his Superiors at a vaſt diſtance had been taken into ſtrict examination? But for taking notice of ſuch things he thinketh me fit to be whipt; only my hopes of being received into Protection ſufficient to ſuperſede his and the unmerciful ſentences of others, do remove the fear, and move me confidently to caſt my ſelf down an humble *Petitioner*;

That *the Hands of the Sons of Violence may at laſt be reſtrained from afflicting a Poor Clergyman, who ſincerely delighteth in the Peace of the Church, and perfectly deſpiſeth himſelf except in thoſe things, which he ſtedfaſtly believeth to conduce to its Promotion.*

IN this Relation is ſeen an unwearied Spirit of Malignity purſuing me; for what juſt Cauſes, (God and my Conſcience bear me witneſs) I know not. No man living can more than my ſelf heartily deſire the repoſe of a quiet life; and that (however ſtumbling occaſions and Rocks of offence were ſtill thrown in my way) I have alway ſtudied to tread the ſafeſt and moſt certain meaſures thereof, is my invincible Comfort. I challenge the whole World to make diſcovery of any Act, whereby I endeavoured to diſcompoſe another, either malitiouſly or idlely. The too too many errors of my life I will not palliate by any excuſe; yet am ſo far from taking pleaſure in doing an Injury, that in the preſence of my all-knowing *Redeemer* I do affirm that I have alway more lamented the condition of thoſe, by whom I ſuffered, than my ſufferings, and could willingly again undergo them, if *God* would be pleaſed to accept my toleration for their indemnity. That I would not by undecent ſubmiſſions to her enemies labour to purchaſe *Peace* is no argument of any turbulent motion in my affections, neither ought it to tend to my Condemnation.

But whereas ſome, to whom my Caſe hath been delivered, have demanded, and others will probably demand, how it hath happened that in a numerous Orthodox Clergy my ſelf only ſhould be oppreſſed with theſe weights? My anſwer cannot be expected to be much more certain, than to an enquiry, How one Veſſel hath been ſhattered by a Storm in that Road, where many Fleets have before ſafly ſailed? The account whereof, becauſe Providence hath not, I dare not pretend to give. But if a ſtrong ſuppoſition poſſeſs any, that my ill doing hath occaſioned diſſatisfactions and enraged men to a revenge of received injuries, I can purge my ſelf no otherwiſe than by my aſſeverations in the preceeding Paragraph, and a requeſt of reflection upon paſt times, whether men much better than the higheſt Charity can preſume me to be, have not ſingly fallen by the Arts of malitious Confederates. And furthermore, as the cruelties of the two *Underſheriffs* of *Pembrokeſhire* ſurmounted the others by many degrees, ſo were they leaſt known, it being impoſſible for me any way to exaſperate them, whom I had never ſeen or heard of before I fell into their griping Tallons. But my Caſe is not ſingle; For Mr. *Thomſon* hath in *Briſtol* met with the ſame *Swearing Dammee Party*, who at firſt by hurling at me *holy Dirt* and *conſecrated Subornations and Perjuries*, weakned my hopes of reaping for my *Maſter* a plentiful *Harveſt* by the exerciſe of my *Function*. *God* be thanked that their open Acts of Malice and Impudence are dwindled into the corner whiſperings of Envy, and that they gall themſelves whilſt able only ſneakingly to traduce him.

Neither can I forbear (which is my exceſſive greif) to affirm, That the *Orthodox Clergy* are not ſo numerous as many believe, the number of them (I reckon

none

none *Orthodox*, who is not duly and ſtrictly *Conformable*) is far inferiour to that of Trimmers and Half Sized Men. But ſome few years ſince ſuch was the paucity of them on Publick Occaſions of Clergymens meeting, and ſo ſcorned were they being ſcattered among the full Tribes, who were contented with any Worſhip, which was Golden, that they could not aſſiſt but only pity one another. Exactneſs of *Conformity* doth not only ſtir up the gall of Nonconformiſts barely, but more dangerouſly and immoderately moveth to expreſſions of diſcontentment the tongues of thoſe men, whoſe aim is to be thought moderate by neglecting their *Duty* and *Superiors*, and paying an unreaſonably obſequious Deference to their *Inferiours*. When Dr. *Ironſides* Biſhop of *Briſtol* required of his Clergy ſtricter Obſervance of the *Rubrick* and *Canon* (particularly, that Children in health ſhould be baptized at the *Font*, and that the Parents of the Sick ſhould be held to an engagement of bringing them into the *Church* with *Godfathers*, *&c.* in caſe of recovery; and alſo that Thanſgiving for Women after Childbirth ſhould be publickly given in the *Church*, and at the *Altar*) when theſe and ſome other things were commanded, the humour of the People and matter of intereſt was moſt in debate by the plurality of the *Clergy*, and thoſe few who obeyed, were even derided by their Brethren, who alſo came into their Pariſhes to Baptize the Children and give Thanks for the Wives of the proud Oppoſers of Diſcipline, and by theſe practiſes ſowed and fomented contention. It's almoſt incredible what Invectives and ill Reports are daily ſcattered to worthy Mr. *Thomſons* prejudice by *Clergymen* in and near *Briſtol*; and all this occaſioned by his very regular Conformity. The ſame Pride which hinders their imitation of what is ſo highly commendable, doth alſo give them troubleſom thoughts, that ſingular Piety accuſeth them of culpable Remiſſneſs.

I humbly requeſt a candid interpretation of the foregoing words, there being no deſign, by compariſon or otherwiſe to put a fair Character upon my ſelf. Only in my own vindication from ſuffering as an ill Doer, I have made uſe of other Names and Inſtances to ſhew Conformity to be ground ſufficient for the indirect Practiſes of my Adverſaries. And as no affectation of ſingularity, nor any other motives, but a perfect ſenſe of Duty hath hitherto obliged me to give them this Cauſe, ſo my hopes are that I ſhall not whilſt living ceaſe from it. Moreover as my Delight in Conformity is purely without outward reſpects; as I pray and hope that no deſires of worldly Felicity will be able to baffle my Conſtancy and Patience, if it pleaſe *God* that they are to be further exerciſed; ſo I declare my willingneſs (if *God* permit) to ſerve Him and my *Prince* in Peace. Which to obtain by other probable means than this Manifeſtation, is beyond the reach of my Judgement. That nothing is here written out of an unchriſtian ſeeking Revenge, is my ſolemn Declaration before *God*, *Angels* and *Men*, my earneſt wiſhes of *mine eye ſeeing its deſire upon mine enemies*, being their *humility* and *amendment*. That their Puniſhment, while they continue obſtinate, is in ſome meaſure conducing to the *Churches* welfare is my firm opinion. But to inflict it my ſelf, their power, numbers and riches conſidered, is ſo far beyond my ability, that I cannot in any meaſure promiſe to ſecure my ſelf from new additions of violence. But *that we may lead a quiet and peaceable life in all godlineſs and honeſty*, according to my bounden Duty, I humbly and heartily beſeech the *ever-bleſſed Fountain of all Goodneſs* to encompaſs with the Pledges of his Love *our moſt Gracious Soveraign*, His *Royal Brother* with all that are related to them, and thoſe, who being in *Subordinate Authorities*, do either direct us in the way of *Religion*, or guard it for our ſafe conduct to *Glory*. Amen.

FINIS.